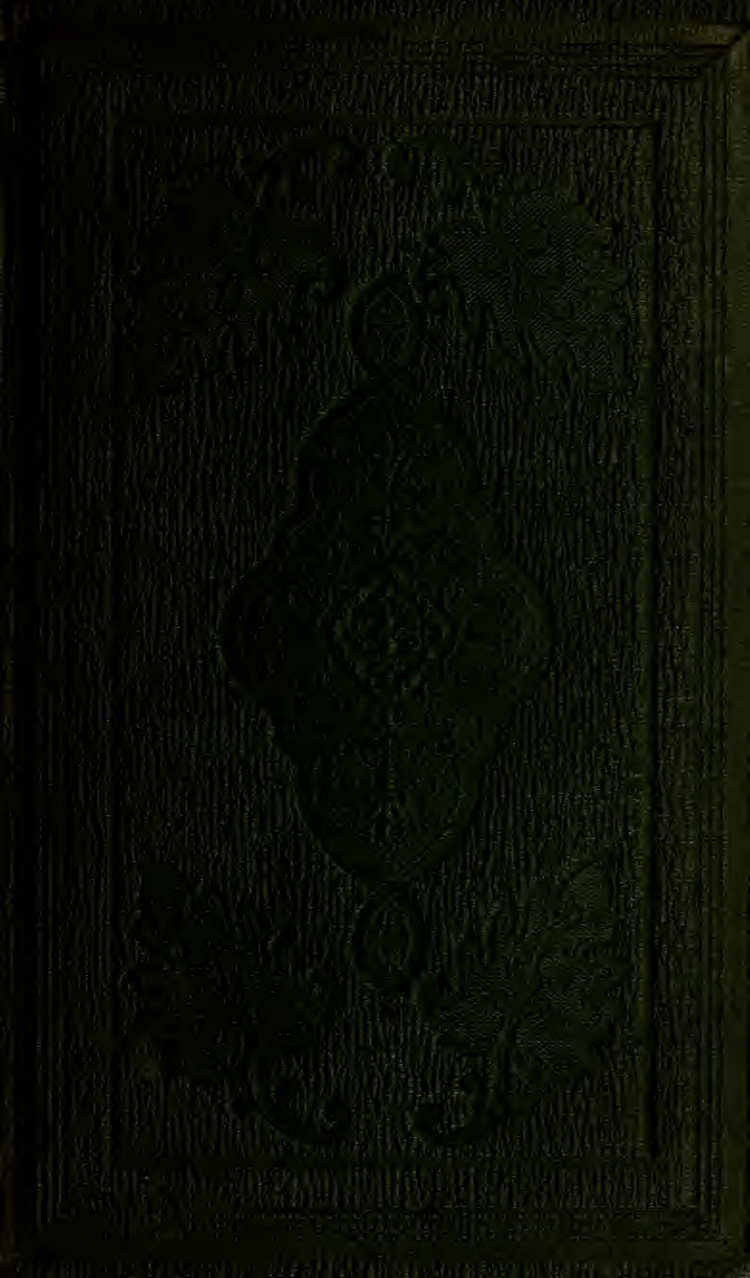

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JANE GREENLEAF.

=Greenleaf, Mary Coombs=

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JANE GREENLEAF,

OF

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

"And she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day."—LUKE ii. 37.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JANE GREENLEAF.

CHAPTER I.

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."—Ps. ciii. 17, 18.

The following Memoir of Mrs. Jane Greenleaf is not a tribute of affection merely; nor was it undertaken from any private motive. The object in view has been solely to magnify the grace of God, which made her "a burning and shining light" in the world; to exhibit, for the imitation of others, her example of active and uniform piety; and to show the faithfulness of God to his covenant with his people. It is now committed to the public in the hope that in this way, however humble and unpretending

in itself, it may do some good. To the memoirs of the pious dead, whether in the public or private walks of life, has the church been largely indebted for much of her piety in subsequent times. Who has not been improved by reading such memoirs as those of Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Newell, and many others? To a level with these, however, the present volume does not aspire.

The promise, originally made to Abraham, "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee," has been strikingly fulfilled to those of "like precious faith," in every succeeding age. Abundantly was it verified in the family of Mrs. Greenleaf — many, among her immediate ancestors, having been eminent Christians.

Her grandfather, Philip Coombs, came to this country from the island of Guernsey, and settled in Newbury, now Newburyport, (Mass.) He was regular in his attendance upon public worship, and was esteemed a good man. Such, doubtless, he was also in his own estimation; for it was a day when religion had lost its vitality, and "good works" constituted piety. To Mr. Whitefield was he indebted, like so many others in this region, for his first *correct* knowledge of himself. So powerfully was he convicted of sin under his preaching, that, for three months, he was unable to prosecute his usual business.

After his conversion he was remarkable for his devout regard for the Sabbath. Of him it might be truly said, he called the Sabbath "a delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honorable." On that sacred day he took no breakfast, saying to his wife, when urged by her, "I have meat to eat that the world knows not of." That he might prepare himself for the proper reception of the truth, he went early to the house of God; and that his meditations might not be disturbed, and thus the benefit lost, he remained until the congregation had left.

Ever mindful of the uncertainty of life, and acknowledging an overruling Providence, he would not leave home, even for an absence of a few days, without first putting his hand on the head of his eldest son, William, and remaining some minutes in the attitude of prayer.

He was one of the founders and elders of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, and died in France, having been taken prisoner during the war with that country, in 1759. There he was held in such veneration by the keepers of the prison, that they spoke of him as "that good Mr. Coombs."

Before his death, the Romish priests urged upon him some of the ceremonies of their church; but firm in the faith, he resisted, with strong emotion, even when unable to speak. His age was fifty-two years.

His wife, also, was a woman of uncommon attainments in piety; and being spared to a good old age, she had a decided influence upon the religious character of her grandchildren, whom she never ceased to instruct in the fear of the Lord. The subject of this memoir has often remarked, that "there was a peculiar *majesty* in her grandmother's piety." It was not of that dwarfish, sickly character, so common in this day, when the religion of many seems to consist more in bustling activity than in the devotion of the closet. In the duty of prayer she abounded; and, probably, to this her posterity have since been indebted. For them, even to the latest generation, she was accustomed to make special supplication. She died in 1793, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Greenleaf's father, William Coombs, was one of "Nature's noblemen," and divine grace wrought within him his parents' religious traits of character. To a natural urbanity of manner, Christian principle imparted a charm, which commanded admiration and respect.

Prayer was his delight; in which exercise, whether in the family or social circle, he was characterized by deep humility, reverence, and fervor, the tears generally falling down his aged cheeks, while he lamented his sins.

Like his parents, also, he was a strict observer of the Sabbath, and the pleasure he derived from its

spiritual exercises is evident from the following remark. Expressing to a daughter some doubts respecting his state, she mentioned his love for that day as an evidence of his sanctification. He replied at once, "O! the Sabbath! why, it is no sooner come, than it is gone!"

A few Sabbaths before his decease, his pastor being absent, the clergyman, who supplied the pulpit, was invited to his house. In his conversation he found enjoyment; but, on Monday, he remarked to his wife, that he missed his usual Sabbath reading, which had thus been interrupted, and he should devote Tuesday to the enjoyment of his Sabbath privileges, which accordingly he did.*

Of her mother, it is only necessary to add that she also was a child of grace, amiable in disposition, and distinguished for benevolence to the poor. Her life was not long, (as she died at the age of forty-four,) and it was clouded, during three years, by mental derangement. But reason returned before death, and her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

That the pious spirit, which animated those who went before her, lost nothing of its fervency in her, who is the subject of this memoir, will be seen in the follow-

*For other particulars see Appendix No. 2.

ing pages. She was well known, in a wide sphere, as "a mother in Israel;" and, in her, the peculiar graces, manifested by her devout ancestors, were strongly marked.

CHAPTER II.

"I thought on my ways and turned my feet into thy testimonies."—Ps. cxix: 59.

The subject of this Memoir, Mrs. Jane Greenleaf was born in Newburyport, January 22, 1764. She was the second child of William and Jane Coombs. In childhood, she was amiable, correct and beloved. The influence and instructions of her parents, daily intercourse with her excellent grandmother, and the faithful preaching of the Gospel by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Parsons, which were often accompanied by the special influences of the Holy Spirit, early produced in her much solicitude respecting her eternal welfare. Even in youth she felt that she was "a child of wrath," and needed "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," to fit her to glorify God on earth, as well as to enjoy him in Heaven.

Still, for many years, she loved the world, and withheld her affections from her rightful Sovereign. But the enjoyment of its pleasures was interrupted by the entrance of death into the family, by which

two infant sisters and a brother were removed. In a few years, the distressing illness of her mother, and her subsequent death, together with that of her eldest sister, three weeks after, deepened her previous impressions. Then a promising brother, just as he was entering manhood, fell a victim to the shaft of the "insatiate archer," and she was again called to serious reflection. Thus broken with "breach upon breach," with her affections wrenched from their fond objects, she began to consider; God was kindly making a void within, that He might himself be invited to fill it. "By a way that she knew not" then, He was leading her into "paths of uprightness." But she was still "halting between two opinions," when in 1788, the death of her favorite sister, at the early age of nineteen, was made the means of convincing her of sin, and of leading her to seek the Lord with all her heart. But even then, she did not at once forsake all for Christ. Trembling she stood beneath Mount Sinai, whilst the trumpet sounded long and loud. "The terrors of the Lord set themselves in array against her," and his arrows rankled within. Her convictions were distressing and of long continuance. So absorbed was she in securing a refuge from the coming wrath, that she could hardly persuade herself to attend to the common duties of life. She embraced every opportunity of hearing the gospel preached, both in her own and the neighboring

churches; and persevered in secret prayer, and in reading the Bible and religious books, especially Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," from which she derived much benefit. After a time, her *distressing anxiety* subsided, though her interest in religion remained. She then feared she had grieved away the Holy Spirit, and while Christian friends hoped that she was a child of God, she considered herself still "an alien from the commonwealth of Israel."

As she was of a hopeful temperament, the fact that, for several years after, she never thought her heart was renewed, evinces her humility, and jealousy of herself. The formation of some worldly attachments, which she bitterly condemned in succeeding years, retarded the growth of "the blade" of grace, and prevented her from discovering even its existence.

In December, 1796, she was united in marriage to Ebenezer Greenleaf, of Newburyport. For a time, the duties and cares of domestic life absorbed her attention, and her religious affections suffered an abatement. In the following year, when parental responsibilities were added to previous duties, she went, with increased earnestness, to "the mercy seat," that Divine grace might be bestowed on herself, and on her infant son, whom she felt bound to train up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

At that period it was the practice of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport to allow parents, of good moral character and serious deportment, to present their children for baptism, by consenting to the "half-way covenant." She was admitted to this privilege, and thought it was much blessed to her.*

In the kingdom of grace, as well as in that of nature, it is the good pleasure of God to employ means. In the awakening and conversion of sinners, and in the comfort and edification of believers, different instrumentalities are used. Mrs. Greenleaf was brought to the enjoyment of a "good hope through grace," in the following manner:—

In the spring of 1799, a very devoted Christian, then residing in Portland, (Me.) visited Newburyport, his native place, and called upon Mr. Greenleaf. Not finding him at home, he entered into conversation with Mrs. G., and according to his general habit, the theme was religious experience. After conversing some time, he said, with much earnestness, "I am glad I came here this afternoon, for I find that salvation has come to this house." With surprise she inquired, "What do you mean by that?" To which he replied, "You speak the language of Canaan; did you never think yourself a Christian?" "No—

* This practice was abandoned in 1820.

never," was her emphatic answer. He then said, "I am going to Boston to-morrow, and shall return in a few days, and during my absence, I want you to write down your religious experience, and let me have it when I come back." "I have none to write," she replied. "Yes," said he, "you have,—and one thing more; you pray now *like a slave;* go to God *as your reconciled Father in Christ.* Now, promise me that you will do these two things." She gave him her word that she would endeavor to comply with his request. After his departure, she felt that a new danger was before her, that of embracing a delusive hope; but as she carefully and prayerfully examined the state of her heart before God, she discovered evidences, previously unnoticed, that she had been "born of the Spirit." She now enjoyed drawing near to God in prayer; and remarked to a pious sister, "I think I have one evidence, at least, of being a Christian, I feel as if I wanted to pray *all the time.*" To which her sister replied, "I have long had a hope of you, though you have had none of yourself."

To the friend, who had thus been the "helper of her joy," she was ever after gratefully attached. She corresponded with him frequently, and derived much quickening and strength from his counsel and prayers.

In August of the same year, she united with the First Presbyterian Church, of which her honored father was then an elder, and Rev. Dr. Dana the pas-

tor. From this period she made religion the chief business of her life, and to its close exemplified its excellency in an uncommon degree.

The following is the very brief and unostentatious relation of her religious experience, which she gave to the session of the church, when admitted to full communion :—

"From early life some impressions of the importance of real religion have, at times, engaged my attention, and often I have resolved to attend to the vast concerns of eternity, and esteemed them of infinite moment. But I found I was deceived in myself, and easily diverted from these resolutions, and still the world had the first place in my heart, until awakened from my security in sin by the deaths of near relatives, which deeply impressed my mind, and, I hope, taught me the insufficiency of earthly enjoyments to satisfy the immortal mind, and led me to seek for an interest in Jesus Christ,—and I trust I can now say, that 'whereas I was once blind, now I see;' and I hope my aim is to live to the glory of God. Since taking the covenant upon me, and attempting to give up myself and child to God, I think I have realized the solemn obligations binding me to live agreeably to those engagements.

"For many months I have had a desire to join in full communion with this church; but doubts and fears have prevented me from putting this desire into

practice. I now venture to come, doubting and trembling, to this sacred ordinance, and ask the prayers of all God's people that I may be enabled to walk worthy this high vocation.

"JANE GREENLEAF.

"August 10th, 1799."

CHAPTER III.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."—Ps. xcii. 12.

"FROM a secret source," says an able writer, "the believer in Jesus draws his life. The morning portion of the Word, the morning prayer, the morning meditation; these are the waters which keep him green all day; and, even in the desert, there is a dew, which, descending on its branches over night, brings him forth fragrant and lively to the morrow." This "secret source" and fountain of spiritual life the subject of this memoir had now discovered. The path to its healing waters was made familiar to her; and, during her whole subsequent life, she was "obstinately punctual" to her stated seasons of devotion.

But the children of God are reminded that it is "through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom of Heaven." Says the writer already quoted, (Hamilton,) "It is by means of the sifting and crushing processes, to which they are subjected, by the Providence of God, that they become 'the salt of the earth,' 'the lights of the world;'" and many and severe were the trials through which she passed.

In the summer of 1801, she was prostrated by severe illness, which continued for six months, and brought her apparently near to death. But God had a work for her to do on earth, before her warfare was accomplished; and she was gradually restored.

After her recovery the nerve of the ear was discovered to have sustained so much injury, that, ever after, she was afflicted with deafness. At first, it was only slight; but it gradually increased, so that, for the last twenty-five years of her life, she seldom heard a sentence from the pulpit, although she was able to hear the conversation of friends, when they sat by her side, till within the last ten years, when she was obliged to have the aid of a trumpet for that purpose.

This deafness was a sore trial to her. She often said, "It was a blow at the root of her pride;" but she blessed God for it, feeling that it was absolutely necessary. As other trials followed, some of which were wholly unexpected, and peculiarly heart-rending, she bowed to the strokes of her Heavenly Father's rod, being more solicitous to have them *sanctified* than *removed*. Whatever instrument was employed for her correction, she looked above *second causes*, and received it as from the hand of *God*. When any fresh trial was sent her, her petition was, usually, that of Job, "Show me wherefore thou

contendest with me ; " and she at once commenced the work of self-examination, that she might discover, confess, and forsake the sins, which had made the discipline necessary.

In the life of the Rev. Thomas Boston, an eminent Scotch divine, it is stated, that when he was in any perplexity, either temporal or spiritual, he never obtained an " outlet," until he had made a full confession of his sins to God. After reading this, she adopted the same practice, and, often, when her way was hedged up, she would say, " I think I have not recollected all my sins ; I must begin with the sins of my youth." In the opinion of the world her early life was free from blemish ; but she looked at herself in the glass of God's law, and realizing its strictness and spirituality, she saw so much sin in her heart and life, as to require deep self-abasement before God.

She often spoke of a sermon of one of her pastors, Rev. Mr. Murray, from the text which stands at the head of this chapter, and quoted one remark in it, viz. : " Naturalists tell us that weights are hung on the limbs of the palm-tree to make it bear fruit ; so God hangs the weights of affliction on believers, that they may be fruitful ;" and as her trials increased, she would say, " These are some of the weights."

As exhibiting her feelings and habits at this period of her life, the following extract from a journal, which she kept during more than fifty years, and in

which she recorded the events and mercies of every day, may be given.

"*Communion Sabbath, June 6th*, 1804. I awoke little impressed with the solemnities of the day. Mr. Dana expounded a part of Rev. iii. How unworthy did I feel of a seat among God's dear children, Well might I have exclaimed,

'My heart, how dreadful hard it is!'

The tares will grow with the wheat till the end of the world, and then be bound in bundles and burned; and yet I am insensible of my dreadful stupidity.

"1805, *Jan. 19th, Saturday.*—What reason for gratitude have I for the mercies of the past night, and this day, that the symptoms of sickness, with which I have been visited, are disappearing! God seems to be lengthening out my span of probation to see if I will improve life to better purpose than I have ever done. O! that I may be roused up to improve the talents committed to me!

"*Thursday, 24th.*—Rode down to Mrs. Dole's. Found her two daughters lying on sick beds. Betsey more comfortable than usual. Anna appeared much distressed. They are great objects of commiseration. How ought such a sight to teach us gratitude and the deepest humility. I felt a desire that unwearied and united prayer should ascend for them.

Who can tell but a prayer-hearing God will yet make bare his arm, and relieve their distress?

"*March* 10*th*, 1805, *Sabbath*.—Attended meeting all day. Mr. Dana's morning text, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up,' &c. Afternoon, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' &c. How solemn is our situation, who are permitted to hear the gospel! We hear at our peril, knowing that it will prove a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. Heard of a sudden death. Mr. G. went down to Aunt B's.; she is very sick; took but little notice, and is very weak. I fear death is at the door. The voice to us is loud, 'Be ye also ready,' for we know not how near death may be to us. Mr. Dana remarked, that 'we were sent into the world on an important errand.' Alas! we forget our errand.

'Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense.'

"*Nov.* 7*th*, *Saturday Evening*.—Was anxious about W., who was sick; but through Divine favor, he grew better; had other trials also, but I have no reason to complain. I deserve no mercy. I am a poor, ungrateful creature, and ought to lie down in the dust of humility, submissive to the Divine will.

"*June*, 1806, *Saturday*.—Called at a house of poverty. Had very painful feelings excited by see-

ing sickness and poverty meeting in one family. I believe it is profitable to visit the abodes of want; it has a tendency to reconcile us to lesser evils. If we look around us, we see the woful effects of sin. O! I think I desire to see sin in its just light, its odious nature. I fear I never have had just views of it, and never truly repented.

"*Sabbath.*—Awoke in a heavy frame of body and mind; made some faint efforts to collect my disturbed and scattered thoughts. Arose, fearing that the day would be a lost season to my soul. Read with little sense of Divine things. Attended meeting. Mr. Dana's text in the morning. 'Unto him that loved us,' &c. Solemn, and yet comfortable subject to those who can apply it to themselves. Enjoyed some freedom in hearing, and think the sacramental season was more comfortable than usual; not that I could find any clear evidences of my being really born again; but I was delivered from distressing fears, and seemed to enjoy an abstractedness from the world. But I have great reason to lament my coldness and deadness, my awful insensibility. O! for the enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit, to enkindle a sacred flame of holy love, that shall burn brighter and brighter unto perfect day.

"*Saturday, 15th.*—A tedious day; but I have no reason to complain; my mercies are new every

moment. How wonderful is the patience of a Holy God with daring sinners!

"*June* 13*th*, 1808, *Tuesday*.—Set off for Boston, and arrived safely, after melancholy reflections on the sad changes, through which I have passed since I visited this city, twelve years since. How bitter the reverses! Still I would not repine, knowing I have a thousand mercies—indeed, they are more numerous than my moments. Let me then be silent. I was obliged to keep back sad reflections, and I found I had left my heart behind with my family, who are dear to me. Infinite wisdom cannot err; therefore, all things are well.

Thursday, returned home safely.

"28*th*, *Sabbath*.—I awoke late, and felt very languid—hardly strength enough to read. Attended meeting all day. Mr. Merrill preached; text, John i. 1: 'In the beginning was the Word,' &c. The subject was the Divinity of Christ, which he proved from Scripture in a most able manner. One observation was, that they who deny this important doctrine, worship not the true God. He called upon parents to instruct their children in this important article of faith in this time of error. P. M., text, 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' He first told us what it was to set our house in order. We must repent of sin, and forsake it, and lead holy lives. He then described the character of those who

have set their houses in order—they are 'born again.' Death is not a real terror to such. Evening, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock,' &c. Heard after meeting, of the death of Mrs. W. and Mrs. H. Thus the sound of death repeatedly arrests our attention. O! that we might hear, and fear, and live to God!

"*November 27th, Thanksgiving.*—We are spared to see this anniversary, while many are numbered with the silent dead. How multiplied our mercies! It becomes me to ask, what returns have we made? O! that I may be enabled to lay my hand on my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, taking shame and blame to myself because I have sinned. O! for a spirit of prayer! I went to meeting with most of the family. Mr. Dana's text, 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!' Very good sermon.

"*December 16th, Tuesday.*—Attended church meeting. When some difficulties occurred respecting my going, that passage of Scripture occurred to my mind, that when all the males among the Israelites were required to appear before God three times a year, 'no man should desire their land,' and I soon concluded to go, and found comfort in going. How many mercies have I to be thankful for! Why do I ever despond under trouble? I desire to be humble under the rebukes and frowns of a righteous provi-

dence. O! may I never rebel, but study to be quiet!

"*Saturday*, *January* 13*th*, 1809.—Suffered with teeth-ache, but have great reason to be thankful for some relief. O! that this rod might be sanctified, and lead me to search my heart and life, and repent of all my sins, and take my place in the dust, and reform what is amiss! If I am resting on a false hope, may I be driven from it to Jesus, the only precious corner stone, where alone it is safe to rest.

"*Sabbath*, 14*th*.—A fine, pleasant day. Had a comfortable night; my teeth better. What gratitude is due to the All-wise Disposer of all events. If the hairs of our head are numbered, our pains are so too. I did not go out in the morning, fearing I might take cold. Went in the afternoon. Mr. Dana preached a solemn sermon from, 'Take heed how ye hear.' How little do we consider the importance of hearing as for eternity. O! what reason have I to be ashamed of my dulness in hearing and practising the great truths of the Gospel? O! that the Spirit of all grace may descend, and quicken my drowsy soul!

"*Saturday evening*, *February* 8*th*.—When I look back on the past week I find the greatest cause for gratitude. I have been relieved, when suffering severe pain, the family preserved from accidents, and many comforts indulged. I have reason to exclaim with David, 'What shall I render to the Lord for

all his benefits? ' I fear I was more anxious to get rid of my late afflictions than to have them sanctified. I desire to take my place in the dust, accepting the punishment of my sins, crying, ' God be merciful to me a sinner.'

" *Sabbath*, 16*th*.—How greatly am I called, both by mercies and afflictions, to devote myself entirely to the glory of God. ' Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,' &c.

" *January* 1*st*, 1810.—A new year has now commenced. I awoke early, and tried to feel properly on the solemn occasion; conversed with the children on the subject. O! that it might be a new year indeed to us all in spiritual things! Evening, went to hear Mr. Milton. He preached an excellent sermon from the text, ' Behold I come as a thief.' He observed that, in general, all knowledge was preferred to the true knowledge of God, in which all wisdom consists. He laid open our lost and ruined condition by nature, and the necessity of new hearts, or we must be lost forever. He set forth the certainty of Christ's coming to judgment, and the importance of being ready to meet him—described what it was to be actually and habitually ready, and pressed home the truth on all, both saints and sinners.

" *January* 22*d*.—My birth day—just forty-six years old. How long have I been spared, and to how little purpose have I lived! I am a wonder to

myself, when I take a review of my life, and think of the changes through which I have passed. One mercy has followed another ; yet I have been unmindful of the hand which has been showering them upon me. How many of my dear friends are gone down to the house of silence ! Alas ! my leanness ! my leanness !

"*February* 18*th*, *Sabbath Evening.* — Mr. G. Spring preached in the morning. Text, 'I will be a father unto you,' &c. Afternoon, Mr. Dana. Ps. cxxvi. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion.' &c. In the evening, Mr. Stuart, of New Haven. I admired him. His prayer was reverent ; sermon solemn ; manners perfectly unaffected. Text, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ! ' As nearly as I could hear, he told us, that many, who kept up the form of godliness, were yet neglecters of this salvation. I wish to push the inquiry home to my own heart, Am I not one of these neglecters ?

"*June* 8*th*, *Communion Sabbath.*—Text, 'And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' A solemn, clear discourse. In the communion season, I felt more comfortable than common. This day's solemn transaction is recorded on high. Why this insensibility, O ! my soul ? If my heart has never been renewed, I am in a most dreadful state. If it has, 'why is my love so faint, so cold

to thee,' O ! thou source of all Divine joy ! I do hope, at times that I am regenerated; but still I am cold and insensible under Thy cultivation. Gracious God, Thou knowest my inmost soul. Do thou enable me now to live wholly to Thy glory. Let my all be consecrated to Thee. I am unworthy; but Thou delightest to show mercy, even to the vilest of the vile. Be pleased to let me see my guilt and ill-desert.

"*June* 15*th*, *Sabbath Evening*.—What reason have I to be glad, and rejoice in the goodness of the Most High to me and mine ! We are spared, monuments of mercy, while death has cut down a promising child in this neighborhood. Let it not be in vain that we are spared. O ! Gracious Parent, give me grace to live devoted to Thy glory ! Let me not sink when chastened by Thy rod; but 'show me wherefore Thou contendest with me' and mine. Give me patience, and true submission to Thy holy will. When I know not what to do, O ! lead me in the right way ! "

The following extracts were written during a short visit in D. :—

"*September* 25*th*, 1813, *Saturday Evening*.—Well may I say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. O ! that a blessing may come down on this family ! May they have spiritual blessings for the temporal favors bestowed on me !

Their kindness will leave a lasting impression on my mind.

"I feel that the holy Sabbath is now begun. I desire to lift my heart to God for a blessing on myself and others, that it may be a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me! Deliver me from distracting cares and vain thoughts. Be with my dear family. Preserve them from sin and every evil. O! that we may meet in safety, with hearts glowing with gratitude.

"*Sabbath*, 26*th*.—I awoke early, and endeavored to realize that this was a day of holy rest. After breakfast, read Romaine's 'Walk of Faith;' an excellent book. May its truth sink deep into my heart, and spring up and bear fruit, spiritual and abiding! Mr. Gile, of Milton, preached. Text, 'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.' It was a very experimental discourse. He said, Christians should be all one. Paul, when he was converted, began to pray for the cause which he had before opposed. The hidings of God's face are salutary to the saints; they are thus led to trust less to themselves, and to see their need of Divine teaching; they have no strength of their own; but they have the word of God for it, that they shall persevere. They are apt to be taken up with worldly objects, which deaden the life of faith. It is a great

mercy that God visits them with afflictions, which wean their hearts from the world, and lead them to be more spiritually-minded. When creature comforts fail them, they soar aloft for true happiness, where alone it can be found. I was much pleased with the subject; wish I could remember more.

"In the afternoon his subject was, the man lying at the pool of Bethesda. An excellent sermon, upon the sad state of all unconverted sinners; and their only hope of salvation is from the blood of Christ being applied to their souls. An invitation was given to all to spend the remainder of this day in serious self-examination, to know if they have been washed in this precious blood. I enjoyed the whole service very much. The singing was delightful. Was pleased to see so many serious looking men. Now I am retired to my chamber to meditate on what I have heard. How stands the case with my own soul? Blessed Jesus, if I have not been washed in this precious pool, do thou now wash away my crimson sins. 'None but a bath of blood Divine' can cleanse my guilty soul. O! thou Holy Dove, descend, and quicken many precious souls in this place. Let a copious shower fall on all around! As we come from these ordinances, may we be prepared for every conflict that awaits us. If disappointments and crosses are near, may I possess my soul in patience."

The following extract, written the next day, will show her diligence in improving opportunities to do good :—

"*Monday*, 27*th*.—Returned home, Had some interesting conversation with a gentleman in the stage coach, who seemed to be an unbeliever. A young gentleman joined me in endeavoring to remove some of his objections ; and I thought, at last, he felt somewhat humbled ; at least, he acknowledged some things which he denied at first. The moderation of the young gentleman seemed to strike him agreeably. When we stopped, he asked me if I knew him. I told him I did not. He said he admired him.

"*Oct*. 27*th*, *Sabbath*.—In the morning, as soon as I awoke, endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts, and sent up desires for a blessing. Met with some trials. After breakfast, collected the children, and read the conversion of the Jailor, and attempted to look to God, in an united manner, for a blessing, and had time to read afterwards. We attended meeting. Mr. Dana preached on a part of Rev. vii. : 'These are they that have come out of great tribulation,' &c. A solemn sermon. He observed that 'the righteous generally experienced great trials ; not that troubles *prepare* them for heaven ; but they are sanctified to them to wean them from earth, and purify their souls.'

"Afternoon. Text, 'The fear of the wicked shall

come upon him.' This he proved in various ways. One fear is, that the Bible will prove true. However, they may try to banish the thought by gay company and amusements, yet they cannot get rid of it. The gay are the wretched; the serious only have cause of real joy. How safe are those who are real Christians; seeking the glory of God; longing to be made holy; thirsting for the waters of life; mourning for sin. O! that I may be one of those!

"29*th*, *Tuesday*.—How many favors we forget, and how little gratitude do we feel, when we realize that we do receive great mercies! I desire to be deeply humbled under a sense of my insensibility, when I am daily receiving numberless favors. When I look back on my past life, what do I discover but great provocations, and great mercies. O! thou gracious Parent, look down in pity on me, thy guilty creature, and forgive my sins of early childhood, and of riper years!"

The succeeding extracts are of various, but uncertain dates:—

"*Sabbath*.—Mr. Abbott, of Beverly, preached. Text, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' He was solemn and engaged, and, I thought, remarkably clear. His prayer was uncommonly good. He addressed convicted sinners. I hope and pray that a blessing will

follow his labors here. I longed to have the house crowded, and all in tears; but the set time for a general revival of religion among us seems not to have come, as it has in other places. O! for more engagedness among Christians. O! for a refreshing shower of Divine influence on my own soul, that I may live to more purpose!"

"Heard that a little boy was drowned to-day. Death meets us in every direction.

> 'Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
> To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
> The g are of life, which often blinds the wise.
> For us they languish, and for us they die;
> And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?'

My mind has been solemn and serene to-day; felt desirous to live above the world."

"Mrs. H. died to-day, and Mrs. P.'s child is very sick. We are spared to the close of another week, while one of our kindred has passed the gulf of death, and others appear to be hovering over the brink of the grave. Pause, my soul, and consider thy latter end. It may be near. Time is but a moment compared to eternity; and yet, how we waste this inestimable jewel! I desire to be up and doing, for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave, whither we are hastening."

These extracts, though written without the most remote idea of publication, will show that she scrutinized her own heart, and earnestly desired to make a suitable improvement of the means of grace and of all the providence of God.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."—Ps. cxix. 71.

The subject of this memoir often spoke of the benefits she had derived from her afflictions, and repeated with much feeling,

> "Among my list of blessings infinite,
> This stands the foremost, *that my heart has bled.*"

There can be no doubt that her trials were sanctified to her so as to produce a chastened and subdued spirit, deadness to the world, humility, meekness, patience, and forbearance. She always felt that *sin*, *her own sins*, were the procuring cause of all her sufferings; and applied to herself the declaration of the Psalmist, "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions."

In addition to the bereavements, mentioned in the preceding pages, her venerated grandmother was removed by death in 1793. In 1805 a sister, and in 1812 two sisters also died, and in 1814 her father was taken to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." That she *felt* all these trials no one could

doubt; but she bore them with resignation to the Divine will, being desirous only to make a suitable improvement of them.

After the death of her father, she thus writes:—

"*May* 28*th*, 1814, *Saturday*.—This morning my honored father died. O! that we may be enabled to catch his falling mantle, and devote our all to him, who lives forever more! I found that it was thought the funeral must be attended to-day. Rode to the house; saw the remains of my dear parent—a remarkably natural look. I came home to dinner; went down at three o'clock. We walked to the grave, 'the house appointed for all the living.' Many people attended. I returned, and took tea. A solemn gloom presided over all the house and neighborhood.

"O! Gracious Parent! let thy Spirit descend and abide on all our souls! May we improve the few fleeting moments allotted us in this world of trial, to prepare for a better. I am now left alone, and yet I am not alone, for God is here. May I realize this truth! O! that we may be prepared to spend such a Sabbath as we never spent below, while our dear parent is gone, we trust, to spend an eternal Sabbath of rest above!

"*Sabbath*, 29*th*.—I awoke, and arose at six o'clock. The solemnity of the scene, through which I have passed, occupied my thoughts much. We

went to meeting. Mr. Harris, of Windham, preached. I had the privilege of hearing pretty well. Text, 'One thing is needful.' I liked the sermon very much. P. M., 'The effect of righteousness shall be peace,' &c.; an excellent sermon. Evening, conversed with the children upon their grandfather's death and life. I feel the loss I have sustained. May I be enabled to improve the Providence aright, and be found ready for the summons, when my turn comes! Gracious Parent, enable me to search my heart, and see on what foundation I am resting. If on the sand, may my eyes be opened to see it, and to flee to Jesus before the midnight cry shall salute my ears."

At another time in passing through a season of severe affliction, she thus writes:—

"*Saturday Evening, August* 19*th*, 1815.—I desire to go to the word of God and the throne of grace for direction in this season of trial. Lord, show me the path of duty; make it plain; for if I am left to myself I shall grope in the dark, and stumble. I wish to be very thankful that my health is so far restored, and that my mind is more composed. I will try to look above for help. I know God alone can give me true peace and rest. O! may I be prepared to keep holy the Sabbath!

"*Sabbath*, 20*th*.—I awoke refreshed by sleep,

but the burden had not gone. I was not able to attend meeting, but enjoyed reading some sermons. Evening, some friends called unexpectedly. This was trying to me; but I endeavored to converse upon good subjects. Our prospect looks dark, but I desire to wait God's time for deliverence. I know 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' I cannot see how we shall get out of this labyrinth, but I desire to look to the true source for direction in this difficult case. O! that we all may be humbled under a deep sense of our sins, which have called down these judgments upon us. Lord, thou hast been the refuge of thy people in all generations—forsake me not in this time of need.

"*Thursday*, 24*th*,—A trying day; though in the morning I enjoyed the 121st Psalm remarkably, and Scott's notes upon it, and seemed to be favored in intercession, and felt as though I could rest on God; yet, by noon, my comforts fled, and I passed a distressing afternoon. I felt better before night, and went to Mr. Gile's meeting. A stranger from New York preached. I was much pleased with the plain, practical, and powerful truths he delivered, and hope and trust they will not fall to the ground.

"*Friday*, 25*th*.—Got a portion from the word of God in the morning.

"*Saturday*, 26*th*.—I did not feel well, but had comfort in the Psalms, and endeavored to look to

God for direction and support. Thus we are brought to the close of another week. The Lord has put me into the furnace, and he knows best when to take me out. O ! that all my trials may lead me to hate sin.

" *Sabbath*, 27*th*.—Went to meeting all day. My mind more calm. 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits ?'

" *Monday*, 28*th*.—I felt more quiet resignation to the Divine will. I must pray and hope that some special mercy will follow our recent trials. God can bring great good out of them. I desire to wait on Him by prayer, and reading his blessed word. I do hope the Spirit of God will descend in the midst of this family, and set us all apart for himself. O ! that my soul may be refreshed with heavenly dew. I desire to lie low in the dust before a sovereign God, acknowledging my sins to be great and many, begging for mercy.

" *October* 15*th*, 1815, *Saturday Evening*.—I have great reason to be thankful for mercies, and to be humbled for my poor returns. I desire to resolve in Divine strength, that I will be closer in self-examination, keep a stricter eye upon my motives and actions, strive to live more at home, more devoted to the glory of God, walk more circumspectly, redeeming time, precious time. O ! Gracious Parent, prepare me for thy holy day—let it be a blessed day to my soul.

"*Saturday*, 21*st*.—Mrs. P. died this evening, soon after I had seen her. Thus another solemn call vibrates on my ear, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' My earnest desire is, that we may all be prepared to follow her into eternity.

"*Sabbath*, 22*d*.—I have enjoyed this day more than usual, having been delivered from distracting cares. Mr. Dana expounded Matt. iv. 12, 16. I recollect one remark to this effect, that we, who have so long enjoyed the Gospel, and misimproved it, may have it taken from us. Afternoon. The subject was, the benefit of afflictions. I have forgotten the words of the text. The world, he remarked, think those only are the happy persons who are gay and proud, rich and prosperous; but they misjudge. It is often they who are pressed down under great trials, who have 'abundance of peace.' Afflictions answer the end for which they are sent, when they make us humble and submissive. I went to Mr. Milton's in the evening. Mr. Bardwell, (missionary,) preached from, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth,' &c. An excellent sermon upon the missionary cause. The more exertions we make to send the Gospel abroad, the greater blessing we shall have at home. A solemn, interesting meeting. May the spirit of the living God go with, and rest upon all these missionaries and their companions, and all the company!

"*Friday, November* 3*d.*—Was quite sick; sent for the doctor. It was a tedious time—but after a while, my thoughts were free, and I had some liberty in addressing my Heavenly Father, if I am not deceived. I left all with Him. How sweet is fellowship with Him, through the precious Mediator!

"*Communion Sabbath, November* 12*th.*—I awoke several times in the night, and felt unprepared for the solemnities in prospect. A passage in Mr. Willison was a comfort, viz: 'Those are best prepared who feel the least prepared.' The cloud seemed to disperse, and I was carried through the day remarkably, both in body and mind. The morning sermon, from, 'Ye are not your own,' was excellent. I heard very well. My mind was calm and serene—delivered from vain thoughts more than I expected to be. Afternoon: Text, 'Therefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which is the Lord's.' O! that I may be enabled to devote my spared life to the glory of Him, who has raised me up from sickness. I am now descending from the mount of ordinances into a world of sin and temptation. Trouble may be at the door. Lord, if Thou forsake me, I shall betray Thee, and fall into sin. Much heart-felt sorrow have I had since the last sacramental season. I know not what will be my next trial, but Thou, Lord, canst make all things work together for my good. I desire to cast all my care on Thee, and go forward in the path of

duty, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith.

"*Monday, December* 25*th.*—This day, three years since, my sister, Mrs. E. Dana, took her flight from earth. It becomes me to ask, what improvement have I made of this solemn event? Our neighbor, Mrs. M., very sick; prospect of recovery very dark, but the Lord can speak the word, and she shall live. If her work is done, what gain will it be to her to die. I shall esteem it a great loss to me. May I be excited by her sickness to double my diligence, knowing that time is short. Death seems near.

"*December*, 31*st.*—How solemn this period, the last day of the year. On a review, how many mercies, how many trials have fallen to me! What improvement have I made of them?"

While in her father's house she was accustomed to affluence. Subsequently, for many years she suffered pecuniary embarrassments, and the pressure of debts, which were peculiarly trying to her upright mind. Here also she recognized the wisdom of her covenant God in sending the very trials which were necessary to rebuke her natural independence; and so often was the hand of God stretched out for her relief, and such proofs of his love and care did she receive, that she was enabled to trust in him more simply than she would have done in other circumstances.

She always went to God with all her *temporal* wants, as well as her *spiritual* necessities; and, sometimes, while she was yet speaking, an answer to her request was granted.

The following is one, among many, of the interpositions of Providence, which she experienced.

Being in want of a small sum of money, after spreading her case before the Lord, she called on a friend, who possessed ample means, and requested him to loan the amount needed. He declined coldly, but politely, which was so unexpected, that she left his door much depressed in spirits. But, as she came down the steps, the lines,

> "Your heaps of glittering dust are *yours*,
> And *my Redeemer's mine*,'

were so powerfully suggested to her mind, as to dispel her despondency, and she walked cheerfully towards her home. On her way, she called on another friend, but not with the intention of asking his aid. In conversation, she incidentally mentioned her disappointment. The gentleman immediately inquired what sum she wanted? and, on her naming it, said, "I will let you have it." Going to his desk, he handed her the money, and wrote a note for her signature, saying, "you can take your own time to repay it." With a heart of admiring gratitude she returned home, to raise a fresh "Ebenezer" to her "Helper

God." In a few months the kind friend was removed by death, and before arrangements could be made to cancel the note, his children sent it to her *as a gift*. While life lasted she never forgot the favor, or ceased to pray that this family might be rewarded with spiritual blessings.

A few years after, she wrote thus in her journal:—

"*Wednesday, August* 23*d*.—I awoke in comfortable health, and endeavored to call to mind God's goodness to me in past seasons, and to believe that He would appear for me now, if it was for the best. Soon after, I had a comforting note from a friend with some supplies. Then some from another, and in the afternoon Mrs. S. called to offer to loan me some money, if I wanted it. What an answer to prayer! How wonderful the Divine interposition! Lord, fill my heart with love and gratitude to Thee."

She occasionally kept a weekly record of the special mercies she received. The following extracts are taken from these records, and were written at different times during twenty years:—

"*May* 2*d*.—I have to record great mercies the past week, though laboring still under a severe cold, but I am not quite laid aside. I can sit up, and enjoy friends, and assist a little about house. Have received some intelligence from an absent friend, which

has relieved my fears for him. For this I desire to be very thankful. Had a letter from another, stating that a work of grace was spreading around her. Had company to-day, but I was enabled to converse seriously with two friends.

"*5th.*—A young friend, very unexpectedly, put a small present into my hands. May the Lord reward her for this kind deed. I desire to trace up every stream to the fountain. Surely I ought to praise the Lord for his mercies.

"*Sabbath Evening, 27th.*—In reviewing the past week, though I have had some peculiar trials, yet I have been carried through them. I am sometimes pressed down, but I rise again by power Divine. O ! for more faith and submission.

"*Saturday, September 9th.*—Many and great mercies this week; my health better—was at the church meeting on Monday evening, a very lively one. I would record a special temporal mercy. Monday morning, I felt very much depressed, and shut up. At noon, a noble present received from a friend, whose name was not mentioned. O ! that I may be humbled for my past ingratitude and slackness, as well as want of trust in God, the bountiful Giver. May the best of heaven's blessings rest on the donor, and all his posterity ! I was overcome, and cheered up greatly. Another favor received yesterday. 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits ?'

"*January* 8*th*, 1831, *Saturday morning*.—O! how wonderful are the mercies of my Heavenly Father to me, one of his most ungrateful children. I would set up my 'Ebenezer' this morning for preserving and strengthening mercies. Have been carried through various cares and burdens. When threatened with sickness was soon relieved. Have been able to attend two meetings this week, and returned home refreshed. Was sustained under a sharp trial. Hope it will stir me up to do my duty faithfully. Was able to pay a large part of a debt. Have this morning received some encouragement with regard to future relief. Other mercies too numerous to recount. As I laid down my pen, received another favor from a friend. Lord reward her for kindness in all things! After laying down my pen again, other favors received. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' O! how can I despond when I see the hand of God so evidently stretched out to my relief!

"*September* 13*th*.—I have been wonderfully sustained and helped this week. Had a call to pay one hundred dollars, and the Lord heard our prayers, and sent us seasonable relief.

"27*th*.—Had some 'outlets' when my way was much hedged up. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'

"*December* 10*th*.—A great mercy in being enabled to pay a debt, which had been a burden on my mind.

"*May* 9*th*.—I was enabled to pay some debts, and have had other mercies, more numerous than my moments.

"*July* 3*d*.—Had an unexpected 'outlet' about temporals, which was a great relief.

"31*st*.—Have much to be thankful for the past week. Have been upheld under some peculiar burdens. The Lord is my helper.

"*February* 1*st*.—Was unexpectedly called upon to pay a small debt, and esteemed it a great mercy that I had previously received nearly enough to cancel it! O! how wonderful is the goodness of God to me, one of the most ungrateful of his creatures!

"*October* 28*th*.—An unexpected and liberal temporal supply. I was filled with admiring gratitude for this mercy."

CHAPTER V.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplica, tion for all saints."—EPH. vi: 18.

THE earliest recollections of the children of this honored mother, are those which relate to her prayers and constant efforts for their salvation, and that of her household, and, in fact, of all who came within the sphere of her influence. Every morning and evening it was her uniform practice to retire with them for reading the Scriptures and prayer; nor can they ever forget the solemnity and fervor with which she made known her requests to God.

She laid hold of the covenant in their behalf, believing that her prayers would be answered, and they be made the subjects of renewing grace, while with diligence she labored to persuade them to choose that good part which could not be taken away.

After the death of her father in 1814, she seemed to catch his falling mantle, and to give herself to prayer with increased earnestness. She joined a female praying circle; and, in succeeding years, aided

in establishing and sustaining others, from which she was never absent, unless providentially detained.

The benevolence of her heart prompted her to be much in intercession for others. Nor did she content herself with an occasional petition for them; she *persevered* in prayer in their behalf.

For more than twenty years before her decease, she devoted a part of every Friday morning to special prayer for Christian friends and their families, and many other individuals, for whose salvation she had strong desires. She has left a list of nearly *one hundred* persons who were the subjects of these prayers. This plan was first suggested by reading in the life of a Methodist lady, (Mrs. Fletcher, I believe,) that many persons of that denomination kept every Friday as a season of fasting and prayer. Ever after, she adopted a similar practice; and many were the instances of hopeful conversion among those for whom she thus prayed.

Her prayerful life was also an active one. She was always ready for every good word and work; never deferring to "a more convenient season" any plan of usefulness which she had in contemplation. To labor for the benefit of souls was her chief delight, and having a peculiar tact for religious conversation, she seldom was in the company of any persons, even for a short time, without speaking to them, either directly or indirectly, concerning their spiritual

interests, and the necessity of securing a part in the blessings of the gospel; and as she always considered courtesy as one of the Christian virtues, she seldom or never gave offence.

Did a young friend overtake her on her way to the house of God, the opportunity was improved to urge her to choose the "good part." One such instance is remembered, where the exhortation was fastened by the Holy Spirit in the mind, and resulted in the hopeful conversion of her friend. Did a friend or stranger call upon her, she had a word or a tract to give, or a book to lend. When visiting the poor or sick, she would pray with them, and point them to the Saviour of sinners. When she travelled in the stage coach, she watched for an opportunity of doing good there, and faithfully improved it; and when she stopped at an inn, the same object was kept in view, and a few tracts were left with the hope of usefulness. These were the every day results of her piety.

"In the tender mercy of our God," says Hamilton, "there are distributed through the church, and consequently through the world, many who, in beneficence, flourish like the palm. 'To do good and to communicate,' they never forget. They cannot avoid it. It is now spontaneous with them, for God gave them the disposition when he gave them their new nature. Like a cool shadow in a scorching day, their counsel revives the perplexed, and their sympa-

thy soothes the sad." The subject of this memoir was one of these. She shared the joys and sorrows of others, so far as she knew them, and always welcomed to her house those who needed her counsel, without thinking of any inconvenience to herself. Anxious inquirers resorted to her frequently, whom she directed to the "Lamb of God," earnestly exhorting them to make sure work of conversion, and build their hopes for eternity on the only safe foundation.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

"*Nov. 2d*, 1819, *Tuesday*.—I went with Mrs. P. and Miss B. to visit the colored people. They received us kindly. We gave them some tracts, and spoke to them upon the importance of attending to religion. We found three who hope they are Christians.

"*Sabbath Evening*, 14*th*.—I was confined at home by a cold; my cough troublesome; but, on the whole, had a quiet day, and was able to read much. Mr. Welch preached—a serious, good man, I trust. In the evening, —— and —— came in. ——seems to be thoughtful, and she thinks —— is really awakened. We spent the time in serious conversation. I regretted, after they were gone, that we did not unite in prayer before we parted. O! what a mercy if these young persons should be effectually called. I hear that three others are somewhat impressed.

Lord, thou has been the refuge of thy saints in all generations. O! that we may see the prayers of thy children answered, by abundant effusions of the Holy Spirit. I desire to be thankful for the mercies of the past day. I will hope that my present sickness will be sanctified.

"19*th*, *Friday*.—No company except ——, I found her, as I do often, cold as to spiritual things, though she seems to have very clear ideas of the truth, and likes good books; but I wish she felt more for the salvation of souls. I desire to commend her to God.

"20*th*, *Saturday*.—Mrs. P. called. She was distressed about her daughter, who was going to a party in the evening. I wonder not at her being in trouble. It is melancholy to have people so wicked. We may expect the judgments of heaven if we encroach on the Sabbath. Lord, be pleased to open their eyes, and show them their guilt and danger before it is too late.

"*Dec.* 2*d*, *Thanksgiving Day*.—Text, 'In everything give thanks.' How many mercies have I to record during the past year! My health has been improved, after great weakness; a great burden removed, under which I was ready to sink; and I trust I have received an answer to the requests I have been offering for twenty years. But where shall I begin or end the record of all the blessings bestowed?

"19*th*, *Sabbath*.—I awoke with no deep sense of

the importance of keeping this day holy; my thoughts were scattered; but, after breakfast, felt more life; had some liberty in pleading for the souls of sinners, and for a blessing on ministers and people. Though not well enough to go out, the morning went off rapidly. Mr. Dana expounded upon the disciples showing Christ the temple. Afternoon text, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' Subject—the importance of importunate, persevering prayer; our lifeless manner of asking is one reason why we do not obtain more frequent answers to prayer. Read Watson's Body of Divinity.

"20*th*, *Thursday*.—B. H. called. She was much distressed, fearing she had committed the unpardonable sin. I tried to comfort her.

"*Jan.* 23*d*, 1820, *Sabbath*.—Though I am oppressed for breath, have had a better day than I expected. Read the Bible and 'Practical Piety.' The part designed for a sick person was quite reviving to me. I want to feel more entirely resigned under this rod, and every other which is laid upon me. The trial of having some good people think hard of me for speaking too freely, has caused me some uneasiness. Hope I shall be suitably humbled under it. I desire to look above *second causes*, and see how richly I deserve this chastisement from *God*. I think I was to blame for speaking so freely; but I hope I intended no harm, but rather benefit. I must watch

and pray more against this easily besetting sin of speaking too much of others. The Lord can bring good out of evil, and I hope he will overrule this event for his glory and my benefit. Lord, make me willing to bear any cross that thou shalt, in thy wisdom, see best to lay upon me!

"31*st*.—I am greatly desirous of the salvation of my dear son. I may say, he has been a son of many prayers; and I do trust he will be renewed and sanctified in God's own time.

"*Feb.* 16*th*, *Wednesday*.—A day of fasting and prayer for the out-pouring of the Spirit. Eight ministers and churches united in it. It was a solemn and interesting season. In the morning, Mr. Giles preached in his own church, where all assembled. In the afternoon, Mr. Withington preached in ours; and, though the walking was very wet, yet the houses were filled, and the exercises very appropriate, as I am told. I was unable to go out, but enjoyed the day at home.

"*March* 19*th*.—Heard that the good work in Byfield, which commenced some weeks since, increases, and that there are favorable appearances in the lower part of Newbury. O! if these poor hardened people should be visited with salvation, what a great mercy it would be! Some efforts have often been made for them, without any lasting benefit; but now,

when the breath from the four winds has come, the stout-hearted begin to tremble.

"*April* 8*th*, *Communion Sabbath.*—Not well enough to go out. Read Henry's Commentary, and Watson's Divinity. I am not weary *of* Sabbath work; but as I am weak, my frame grows tired. There is a 'rest for the people of God,' where we shall never faint, nor grow weary. May I be daily preparing for it.

"*May.*—Had a letter from an absent relative. He hopes his heart is changed. What a mercy if it is! Lord, preserve him from every temptation! I have reason for gratitude that I am so well, though I fear to go out yet. If the Lord continues his blessing, I hope to get out soon; but I am willing to wait his time, knowing that it is the best time for all things.

"*May* 14*th*, *Sabbath.*—After having been confined by sickness for some time, I was enabled once more to present myself in the house of God. It seemed almost as though I had come back from the unseen world. I felt the solemnity of my situation. Though weak, I heard more than I have for months, if not a year, or more. Mr. Dana preached upon prayer, and urged the duty on Christians, and spoke to the young and to mourners very solemnly. Evening, read 'Zion's Pilgrim.'

"19*th*, *Saturday.*—Received a letter and a present

from a friend. How thankful I ought to be to her, but, above all, to him who put it into her heart to supply my outward wants. O! how good and gracious art thou, my Heavenly Father! Draw out my heart in love and gratitude to thee. Let my future life be consecrated to thy service.

"*June* 3*d*, *Saturday*.—Heard that I. C. was dead. May this solemn event be sanctified to his father, and friends, and all. I am now brought to the close of another week, in better health than I have had of late. My mind has been distressed respecting a new event in the family; but I desire to look to the Lord for help and direction. I have passed through many stormy scenes, but the Lord has sustained me; and though at times things look dark to *sense*, yet *faith* looks through the cloud. That God, who has been with us in six troubles, will not, I believe, forsake us in seven."

Note to Mrs. M. T., of Newburyport, whose eldest son was sick, at a distance. It is without date:

"My Dear Friend:—

"I am grieved to hear such tidings from your son; but God can bring him up from the gates of the grave. I expect to meet some praying friends this afternoon, and will engage them to pray for him and for you. Hope you will be able to go to him. We see daily what poor, dependent creatures we are; but

the Christian has nothing to fear but sin. Do not despair, for, as the poet says,

> 'The mount of danger is the place
> Whence we shall see surprising grace.'

"I desire to commend you to God.

"Your friend,

J. G."

Feeling deep solicitude for a family in her neighborhood, she addressed the following letter to their brother, living in Rowley, although she had never seen him:

Newburyport, July 28th, 1822.

"SIR,

"Will you pardon the liberty a stranger is taking, in addressing a few lines to you? My object is to ask you to endeavor to rouse up the attention of your brother and sister to the vast concerns of their immortal souls. I often converse with Mrs. —— upon serious subjects, but I do not see your brother. About three years since, I had a long and faithful conversation with him. His principal objection to religion, then, appeared to be the inconsistent lives of professed Christians. He said they seemed to be just as eager after the world, or more so, than other men. I tried to remove his prejudices, but found it

in vain. God alone can open his eyes. He and his wife are kind neighbors, but I want them to become truly pious. I view them as standing on dangerous ground. I once asked Mrs. —— if you ever conversed with your brother on serious subjects. She replied, she believed not; but that her husband wondered you did not, and that he would receive it kindly. I know it is often a hard duty to speak to our friends—especially to those who are our superiors in knowledge; but that should not intimidate us in trying to do our duty. God can bless the feeblest means. '*Duty* is *ours*—*events* are *God's*.' In the near view of death, we shall not be sorry that we have endeavored to warn sinners of their danger.

"There is some attention to religion here. A member of the family, who lives in the same house with your brother, has been very deeply impressed for several weeks. As the work has begun in the house, I feel a very earnest desire that your brother and sister should have their eyes opened to see their need of salvation. I trust I need not ask you to pray much for them, for I doubt not your prayers are daily ascending for them and all your friends, as well as for a world that lies in wickedness. My feeble petitions are daily offered for them and others. Their dear children need pious instruction. O! what a mercy it would be if their parents should come over on the Lord's side! what good they might do! Well,

let us have more faith respecting them, and be more fervent in prayer, and endeavor to speak to them, as opportunity offers, and who can tell but God will be gracious, and pour down his blessed Spirit upon their precious souls? If we want to see more answers to prayer in the conversion of sinners, we must be more fervent in supplication, and more faithful in warning sinners.

"I hope you will excuse me for speaking so freely to you. My apology must be, my great desire for the salvation of your friends—but I think it will be most prudent not to let them know that I have written you. Will you, sir, pray for me and my family? I have a husband and son in an unconverted state.

"With sentiments of esteem, I am,

Your friend in Christian bonds,

JANE GREENLEAF."

CHAPTER VI.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee."—Ps. cxxii: 6.

That this lamented mother earnestly desired the extension of the kingdom of Christ in the world, the preceding pages prove. Hers was a spirit of enlarged Christian philanthropy, and it influenced her daily life. A friend, who saw her frequently in the course of thirty years, "could never recollect a single instance, in which the cause of Christ did not seem paramount to every other in her view, and was not, more or less, the subject of conversation and deep interest."

For a revival of religion she uniformly prayed and labored, and always found time for this purpose, amidst her domestic duties. When the blessing descended, she was filled with gratitude, and faithfully improved the opportunity, which general seriousness afforded, to press the claims of religion upon her friends and others; and as her judgment and experience were great, she was always a valuable assistant to the ministry in the work of winning souls to Christ. Nor did her zeal and activity decline, as is too often the case, when the revival seemed to have ceased.

There was nothing spasmodic about her piety, or her zeal; but to labor for Christ was the great business of her life.

In her conduct during the existence of apparent revivals, and her feelings concerning the errors in management, which have sometimes, perhaps too often, marred their beauty and efficiency, she was greatly influenced by the following circumstance.

During the years 1800 and 1801, there was a very extensive work of grace in Newburyport. The Spir- of the Lord was poured out upon the churches; multitudes were awakened; and it resulted in the "turning of many to the wisdom of the just;" their subsequent lives proving them to have been truly "born of the Spirit." In the opinion of competent judges, it was the most extensive revival that has been enjoyed in Newburyport for the last half century. But, unquestionably, there was much of mere animal excitement, and something for Christians to regret in many of the services. During the early part of this revival, she was confined at home by slight indisposition, but heard much, from opposers of the work, of confusion which prevailed in some of the meetings. The first time she attended, after a serious and excellent sermon, a young layman was invited to lead in prayer. His apparent irreverence disgusted her, and mistaking the hour of nine for *ten*, she left the house with her husband, and expressed her disapprobation

to him in strong terms. The next day, however, she felt herself rebuked in the following manner. Taking up the life of Col. James Gardiner, she read, that "wherever he saw any hopeful appearances of a revival of religion, he disregarded the errors, and did all in his power to promote the good work." At once she resolved to imitate his example, and ever after followed it; not *sanctioning* what was wrong, but not keeping herself aloof and remaining inactive because of it.

The following extract from her extensive correspondence, was written during a period of unusual seriousness in Newburyport.

To Mrs. M. C. of D.

"Newburyport, July 20, 1822.

"My dear Mrs. C.—

"I will devote a few minutes this evening to writing to you; and will state a few particulars respecting the good work which has been going on among us of late. The operations of the Holy Spirit are very silent, but discernable in their effects. For many months a small cloud has been rising, and distilling in precious mercy-drops. Some Christians are awake, others still slumber. Our meetings for prayer have been increased. Some small circles of this kind have been much blessed. For instance, a few females have met, one evening in the week, to pray

for five or six of their unconverted friends. Two such circles have been formed in our church, of the young members; and there have been some answers to their prayers. Every Sabbath evening there are prayer meetings in Mr. Dimmick's church, and in our chapel. The ministers attend, the brethren assisting in the exercises. Mr. Williams has an enquiry meeting every Tuesday evening. From twenty to thirty attend it. From fifty to eighty have attended at Mr. Dimmick's. The work has been, principally, in his society; but now it has extended to the others. The subjects of the work are, generally, the young; but there are several instances of middle aged persons. There are three young ladies in this neighborhood who seem to be in a hopeful state. ——— is more thoughtful of late. I find she reads the Bible with Henry's Commentary. She has a hearing ear, and likes the closest sermons the best.

"Mr. Williams is much engaged, and feels encouraged at the present prospect. He is a bold defender of the faith; and in this day of error we ought to love such men.

"On the whole, respecting the good work here, I speak with caution; and yet I must say, that the Spirit of God is among us, awakening the attention of many, quickening Christians, and impelling them to make great exertions for others; and yet they are not half enough aroused. O! if we all felt the worth of souls,

how we should exert every power and talent in the cause of Christ!

"Mr. Williams has proposed to the church, to appoint a committee of the brethren to visit those parents who have given up their children in baptism, to converse with them and their children upon the nature of their obligations, and to urge their duty upon them. I feel glad that these means have been resorted to; but, after all, God must bless these efforts, or they will be in vain. Duty is ours; events are God's. It is high time for us all to awake out of sleep, as error is making such inroads upon us. And yet, it becomes those who trust they hold the truth, to be very humble and circumspect, for we know not how far we are to be tried. Your affectionate aunt, J. G."

Mrs. G. possessed a zealous missionary spirit. Before the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, she became deeply interested in the spread of the gospel among heathen nations, and that interest never suffered the least abatement to the day of her death. For all the other benevolent enterprises of the day, also, she had a warm regard, and took an active part in promoting them. Her means were small, and often precarious; but she never failed to cast her mite into the treasury of the Lord at the proper season.

There was one object in which she was especially and deeply interested till her death. This was the spiritual improvement of the people living on the "Isles of Shoals," a cluster of islands in the ocean, lying within the bounds of New Hampshire, about twenty miles from Newburyport. For the last thirty years of her life, she cordially co-operated with those who sustained a mission there; and after she had entered upon her seventieth year, the principal care of providing ministers and teachers, and of raising funds for their support, was voluntarily assumed by herself, until her growing infirmities obliged her to relinquish it. A few weeks before her decease, she proposed sending them some papers and tracts.

In securing funds for this mission, she ventured out *in faith*, without any certainty how or where the full amount would be obtained. In her journal, she often mentions receiving a few dollars for "the Shoals" as a providential favor.

At one time, she needed five dollars to make up the sum due the teacher in a few days. While conversing with a friend, Rev. Dr. Dimmick brought in that amount from an unknown donor. As she received it, she turned to her friend, saying, "I knew I should get it."

These people were constantly remembered in her prayers, especially on Fridays; and much did she rejoice when any report of their improvement reached her ears.

In a recent visit to these islands, the writer found her mother's "labors of love" for them gratefully remembered; and evidence was apparent that much good had resulted from the establishment of this mission. The news of her decease, she was told, had caused much mourning among the inhabitants. She herself was kindly received for her mother's sake, one of them saying, as he rowed her to Gosport, "I cannot do too much for you." May they be led to love and serve that Saviour who was "all in all" to their benefactress!

The following letter, to a friend in affliction, will show how active were the sympathies of her heart, and how much engaged for others.

Newburyport, March 26, 1823.

"My dear Mrs. C.—

"Ever since I heard of the mingled cup of mercy and affliction, which you have been called to drink, my thoughts have often been with you. I hope the trial will draw you very near to your heavenly Father.

Those crosses which have this effect, we must number among our richest blessings, however sharp and distressing they may be while we are enduring them.

"I have felt deeply interested in the state of the dear little child. My first desire has been, that this precious soul may be washed in the Redeemer's blood, and that he may live and be a bright example of real

piety. We see, in the sufferings of these little ones, the infinite evil of sin.

"We find, by daily experience, that this is only a state of trial; and yet, alas! how slow of heart are we in learning this lesson! We are expecting rest here, instead of pressing forward, and endeavoring to live above the world.

"From what I hear, I think you have been enabled to exercise real submission under this sharp rod. I hope you will come out of the furnace purified as silver seven times refined.

"I have often felt that so much worldly prosperity as you have been indulged with for many years, was dangerous, and I have trembled for you, for the Christian needs affliction. As to myself, I find I need constant discipline to keep me low, 'for pride is apt to rise and swell.' I sincerely wish you Divine support under this recent trial, and every other that Infinite Wisdom shall allot you. I hope you will enjoy much of your Saviour's presence, and press forward with new zeal, and soon have the satisfaction of seeing the work of the Lord prospering around you. I trust the revival in Boston will reach your Church.

"May you have the satisfaction of seeing your dear children, as they rise up into life, becoming truly pious! May they be ornaments to the church, and useful members of society.

"The accounts of revivals of religion in different parts of our land, are very cheering. I wish I could tell you that a great revival of religion had commenced here; but I cannot. And yet there is 'a still small voice' among us. In the North Society many are asking the way to Zion, and about twenty are rejoicing in hope, and several, in our society and in different parts of the town, are awakened. Many Christians are aroused to greater faithfulness. Our meetings are crowded and solemn. Mr. Williams is much engaged. His sermons are very clear and solemn. I hope a brighter day is dawning. Seven little boys are so much impressed with serious things, as to meet by themselves for prayer, one evening in the week. Some aged people are alarmed. Do pray for us; we need prayer for the multitude are going the downward road.

"Your kind offer of sending some tracts from your society, will be gratefully accepted. A large field of usefulness for them opens, but I wish not to intrude.

"Accept much love from

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

The following is a record of "a walk of usefulness:"

"*October 9th*, 1823. — At 2 o'clock in the after-

noon, set out with Mrs. M. T. to call at some houses in the lower part of the town, to inquire for any families who were destitute of Bibles, and unable to purchase them. We made nine calls; saw some Christian friends, and had pleasant interviews with them. We were treated with kindness by all we visited. Conversed with two females who indulged in the habit of intemperance. We said much to them upon the importance of their immediate repentance and reformation. We endeavored to persuade them to forsake their sins, and fly to the arms of mercy. One of them shed many tears, and said it seemed to her, that the more trouble she had, the more hardened she grew. We left a tract with her, and walked on to see the other woman, who is far advanced in years, and has almost lost her sight, and seemed rather insensible; but she shewed us her Bible and hymn book, and said her husband read to her. She seemed desirous to have some tracts; we left her a few. 'The Advantages of Drunkenness' was one, hoping it may be blessed for her everlasting benefit.

"One Christian friend, on whom we called, had been in great outward trouble, and it seemed as though she had derived much spiritual benefit from her afflictions. She lamented the low state of religion around her. She said she looked forward to the Sabbath with increased satisfaction, as she could not now enjoy the privilege of meetings during the week, as

they were given up in that neighborhood. Our time failed us, or we should have gone to many more places; but hope to go again before winter."

To Mrs. M. H. of Madbury, N. H.

"Newburyport, Nov. 23d, 1823.

"My dear Friend: —

"Hearing of an opportunity to send to you, I cheerfully devote a little time this evening to the pleasing employment of conversing, in this way, with a dear absent friend, who, I trust, is travelling the same road to the Celestial City above. O! how cheering is the thought that we, who are now upon this stormy ocean, may hope through the riches of free, boundless grace, to meet hereafter, to part no more — that is if we are the true disciples of a meek and lowly Saviour. I sometimes wonder how I dare class myself among the followers of the Lamb; and yet I cannot relinquish my hope, not because I see any worth or worthiness *in myself*, but my hope is built on the merits and mediation of an All-sufficient, Almighty Saviour, who came down into this guilty world and died on the cross to ransom lost sinners. What cause of gratitude have we, my dear friend, if upon serious self-examination, we can humbly hope that our hearts have been renewed and sanctified, and that we are daily dying unto sin, and living unto righteousness. Let us give all the glory to God, and

lie low in the dust, watching unto prayer. I find, more and more, that I have no strength of my own, and that if God does not by his blessed spirit, lead me in the right way, I shall certainly fall. But this I believe, that if we 'watch at wisdom's gate' we shall be kept, and enabled to go forward in that narrow path, which leadeth unto life, 'looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.'

"I hope you were carried safely back to your quiet habitation, and that your health has been better for your journey. We, who have such frail bodies, that are liable to crumble into dust, are hereby admonished of the vast importance of laying up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust cannot corrupt, so that when we drop our connection here, we may have 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"Through the mercy of our Gracious Benefactor my health has been comfortable since I saw you, excepting a heavy cold last week, which has gone off so far that I have been able to go up repeatedly to the house of God to-day, and have enjoyed the Sabbath exercises. David says, 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

"I feel much solicitude for those members of my family, who gave no evidence of a change of heart. I desire to rejoice that the fountain is full and flowing.

What can we desire of equal value for all our dear friends with an interest in Christ by a true and living faith! I hope you see some around you seeking for wisdom 'as for silver.' 'Tis pleasant to see our dear youth devoting the flower of their days to God, becoming early pious. Remember me to your nephew and his companion; and tell them, from me, that they will never know what true peace of mind is, until they become the real followers of the meek and lowly Saviour.

"Do, my dear friend, think of, and pray for me, that I may hold on my way. I have many sharp trials; but God is righteous and good, Sin is the cause of every evil.

"Your sincere friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To Miss M. H. A. of Andover.

"Newburyport, Jan. 6, 1824.

"MY DEAR MISS A.—

"I am much interested in the solemnity begun in the South Parish in A. Hope it will result in a powerful revival of religion, and extended to your parish, and to all the towns around. We have been in a very cold state for a long time. I cannot but hope some Christians feel more engagedness in prayer, and are beginning to do something for the salvation of perishing sinners around us; but alas! alas! we are all too cold, too indifferent in a cause so glorious.

"I have been reading Henry Martyn's Life, which excited some new desires in my cold heart, to try to be more faithful in warning sinners of their danger, and endeavoring to let my light shine more; for, if I am what I profess to be, I ought to feel that I am as 'a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid.'

"I have to mourn over my declension and deadness; but let us, my dear, arise and plead with God, that he will revive his work everywhere.

"I hope your night of darkness is passing away, and that the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in his wings.

"Although all our churches are in a low state, we have had one instance of hopeful conversion in our society recently. The person referred to is an aged man, who, I am told, appears well. We must not be discouraged respecting any of our aged friends, but pray for them more fervently. I see before me an aged husband, 'dead in trespasses and sins,' and at times, almost despair of his salvation; but anon, I begin to hope in the mercy and grace of God for him. Will you pray for him, and for my dear son, who is now with us? He is outwardly moral, and his principles very sound; but O! his heart remains shut against the precious Saviour.

"Accept much love from your friend,

J. G."

To Mrs. M. C. of D. while on a visit to England.

Newburyport, Feb. 26, 1826.

"My dear Mrs. C.—

"I hope and trust that, before this time, you are safely landed in London, or near that city. As Mr. C. has so long been planning and wishing to visit his friends across the Atlantic, I have considered it a very favorable time for you to go, and I trust you will be preserved, and prospered, and return in due season, and meet your dear children and friends in peace.

"Perhaps we never realize our dependence so much as when on a journey or voyage. We then see whose hand guides our every movement. O! what protecting power and mercy we experience in every vicissitude! And though our distrustful hearts often anticipate much distress, which never overtakes us, yet, alas! how prone are we to 'borrow trouble!' Thus far, your dear children have been wonderfully preserved, and I hope you will have great cause for gratitude when you meet, and look over the way in which the Lord has led you all during your separation.

"Some of our dear friends have left us recently. Aunt B. was called very suddenly, without previous illness, though I think she has been failing for years. Uncle feels his loss, and says he shall soon follow her.

"In about two weeks after, Aunt C. was taken with a lung fever, and died in a few days. Her loss

is great to the cause of Zion, and indeed to the world. At her decease, I had thirty dollars of hers in my hands for the Domestic Missionary Society. Let us hope and pray that her mantle may rest on my dear uncle. He is much softened, and feels this stroke sensibly. I hope you will pray much for him. He seems to be much pleased with hearing of aunt's alms-deeds. The poor have lost a friend indeed. First, Lydia Titcomb was removed, who had been, of late years, very much engaged in religion. Now, aunt C. who was always ready to give for every good cause.

"Your people are sending up many prayers for you. A few weeks since, the female members of your church held a fast on your account, to pray for a blessing to attend you. What greater expression of real friendship could you wish or desire? Mr. C. has the satisfaction of having a most affectionate people, to feel for him and you under your burdens. O! I hope you will be permitted to meet them again in peace and health, and long enjoy their friendship.

"When we see such answers to fervent prayer, how strange it is that we are so apt to grow cold and formal in this duty! 'Prayer ardent opens Heaven.' Let us be more and more excited to this pleasant duty. I am so often prevented by sickness, from meeting my Christian friends, that the throne of grace is

more endeared to me of late years; and yet I often feel mournfully cold in this duty.

"We hear that Christians are more engaged in Boston, and that some sinners have been awakened. In Ipswich there is considerable attention to religion. Also, in Mr. Parker's society, in Derry, (N. H.)

"As life is so short and uncertain, we may not meet again here; but I hope we shall, through boundless grace, meet in that world where every tear shall be wiped away from our eyes. All I can do for you and your dear children, is to present you daily to the God of mercy and grace, who can preserve and bless you. Do pray for us.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

"*January* 17*th*, 1826, *Monday*.— Several friends passed the afternoon here. I felt as though the conversation had not been profitable.

"*February* 11*th*, *Friday*.— Went out in the morning. Heard in the afternoon that aunt C. was dying. Went over, and staid till nine o'clock. She died at half-past seven. Solemn scene! May it be sanctified to us all!

"*April* 16*th*, *Saturday*.— I awoke in a worried frame; but after a while, got over this state of anxiety, and endeavored to cast my care on Him, who can guide me in the right way. 'Tis now noon, and

I desire to call to mind my mercies. When I look back, and see how the Lord has upheld me from year to year, and in a wonderful manner has raised me up friends and helpers, how can I doubt his faithfulness and mercy. Dear Lord, keep me from murmuring and repining under any cross Thou shalt see needful for me, while I am in this wilderness world.

" 18*th Monday*.— I felt very calm and resigned to my situation ; thought I was willing to wait the Lord's time for an ' outlet ' as to temporal things. I sat down calmly, and soon after the Lord sent an answer to prayer. I desire to take those mercies right from the hand of God, and would acknowledge his great faithfulness to one so unworthy, and be humbled for my want of faith and gratitude. The Lord is good and gracious to me and others.

" 21*st, Thursday*.— Two sudden deaths. May these calls arouse us to prepare for death ourselves ! There seems to be a ' still small voice ' among us. may we be thankful, and persevere in prayer. I desire to look up to God for direction and a blessing at all times, this day in particular. May the path of duty be made plain, respecting my going out or staying at home !

" *August* 21*st, Sabbath*.— Rainy. I staid at home, and enjoyed reading. I desire to call to mind mercies, and not sink under trials. I have reason to be humbled that I am so apt to be anxious after being

so mercifully delivered in times of trial. Lord, increase my faith.

"*Saturday, April 7th.*— Heard of the deaths of A. J. and Mrs. P. Solemn events. May we, who are spared, feel the importance of being prepared for death! Lord, wilt thou support thy servant, who mourns the loss of a most affectionate wife, and prepare him, by thy grace, for a vast eternity.

"*Sabbath, 8th, Communion.*— Mr. Miltemore preached. I felt that it ought to be a solemn day with me, for I have been spared, and permitted once more to attempt to renew my covenant engagements to be the Lord's. Mr. Williams, and many of the church, have been called away since I was there. Now we come down from the mount of ordinances may we 'watch unto prayer.'

"*Monday, 30th.*—I think I had some liberty in prayer, for others, this morning. O! for more faith, and zeal, and strength to do more for perishing sinners.

"*May 19th, Sabbath.*—I went out in the morning. Mr. Carroll preached. Morning text, 'He that cometh to God must believe that he is,' &c. P. M., 'Mary hath chosen that good part,' &c. We were much pleased with his appearance. I hope we shall be led right respecting the choice of a minister. If Mr. C. should be the man, may he be made a blessing. Lord, our eye is unto Thee.

27*th*, *Sabbath*.—I went out all day, and was enabled to rise above worldly cares, and hope I have enjoyed some real peace.

"*June* 24*th*, *Sabbath*.—I have to record the loving kindness of the Lord to me, the last week. After being sick for several weeks have been restored in a good degree to my usual health. O! that I may be enabled to make a right improvement of every mercy, and every trial!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." — Rom. x. 1.

It has already been mentioned, that the subject of this memoir devoted Friday of each week to special supplication for particular persons, of whom she kept a list. Her interest in their spiritual welfare led her, also, to address many individuals by letter, in order to press upon them the claims of personal religion. Her correspondence, of this kind, was constant and extensive. Frequently did the midnight hour find her employed in this way. That she was qualified for such a mode of usefulness, the following letters will show. That these expression of Christian love and solicitude were generally acceptable and valued, is well attested.

Letter to T. C., Esq., of Newburyport.

"Presuming on your goodness to forgive this intrusion, I take my pen to address a few lines to you, sir, upon the interesting subject of real religion.

"I venerated your father; and I do not give up the pleasing hope, which I have entertained for many years, that you, his beloved son, may become truly pious, and preach the everlasting gospel to perishing sinners.

"Your father and mine, I doubt not, are now in glory, among saints and angels, praising God and the Lamb. They were made holy in time, and prepared for that pure world, where no unholy thing can enter. Let us be excited to follow their steps, remembering that we must have a new principle implanted in our souls here, or we should be wretched in Heaven.

"What is this world, if we could possess the whole of it, but 'vanity and vexation of spirit?'

'Our very wishes gives us not our wish.'

"Our souls were made to live for ever; and when a few more days, or years are gone, we must enter on a vast Eternity. If we considered, daily that we act for Eternity, how would it influence us to forsake every sin, and to 'strive to enter in at the straight gate!'

"When I hear that Mr. C. attends this and that lecture in the week, I begin to think that your dear father's prayers will be answered, and that you are to be called into the sheepfold of Christ. What a shining Christian you may yet make! Let me entreat you to engage on the Lord's side with all your heart; read the Bible, and pray; attend the most lively

means of grace; ask for the teachings of the Holy Spirit; forsake every sin, and soon you may find the 'pearl of great price.' How honorable will it be, to tread in the steps of your departed father, by devoting your talents to the glory of God! But we must forsake every sin, and every idol, if we would obtain that rest, which is prepared only for those who are 'pure in heart.' We must flee from every temptation, and set out, as Bunyan's pilgrim did, from the city of destruction, and resolve that we will not turn back. If we are ever tempted to think lightly of sin, let us look to the cross of Christ — there we may learn its infinite evil. But perhaps Mr. C. thinks that to pass through this mighty change of heart, of which I have been writing, is not essential to salvation. Let us, however, look into the Word of truth, and see how it is represented there. It is called 'being born again,' — 'made a new creature,'—'passing from death unto life,' — 'being born of the Spirit.' If your father were now on earth, I believe he would explode this new divinity, which is termed liberality of sentiment. I sat under his ministry for several years, and expect to give an account hereafter of the improvement I made of his faithful preaching. He used often to close his sermons in this way: 'I have set life and death before you; choose you this day whom you will serve.'

"For many years I have had a great desire for

your real conversion, and I could not resist the impulse I have felt to take this method of addressing you on this great subject. When I think of the worth of one immortal soul, I am willing to lay aside all ceremony and to be called a fanatic, if I may be the humble instrument of awakening any to seek for 'the pearl of great price.' Separate from our future happiness, 'virtue carries its own reward with it.' To 'fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man.' The true penitent is the only happy man.

"I know that the Spirit of God only can convince us of the importance of eternal realities; but we are free agents, and are commanded to seek for wisdom 'as for silver, and search for it as for hid treasure.' Our Saviour says, 'Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and ye shall find;' but our misery is that we will not leave this vain, dying world, for joys that will last for ever.

"Your friend,
J. G."

The following letter was addressed to a young man who had contracted intemperate habits: —

"You will, I presume excuse the liberty I am now taking of addressing you in this way, when I tell you that the purest motives of friendship lead me to undertake a duty really self-denying. Your best interest

lies near my heart; and it is with reluctance that I am willing to give heed to the report in circulation, that Mr. —— is giving in to the fatal habit of intemperance. I hope you will immediately see your danger, and take a firm stand against this most pernicious vice. It is the more destructive, as I believe those who are caught in the snare, are drawn on insensibly. They little think how soon this habit may be fixed, ere they are aware of their danger; and, from my observation, no vice has so direct a tendency to deaden the conscience and shut out the soul from serious reflection. Indeed, when persons first begin to go this downward road, they have at times, bitter remorse and pungent distress; and, to get rid of their remorse, they often repair to the fatal expedient of drowning their sorrows by another glass. O! my friend; if you have begun to take one step on this downward road, let me urge you to stop, and consider your ways, before you are totally undone. The grand enemy of souls is, at this day, I believe, trying to ruin many of our promising youth in this way. The warnings to those who are beginning to walk this awful road, have been repeated and most solemn during the past season; and if our hearts were not adamant, we must feel them. God will come out in vengeance if we do not repent and forsake our sins. I feel for you, and for every one who has got into this fatal snare; but as I trust you have just *begun*, I do

entreat you to stop before you are lost forever. Think of your reputation, your property; but above all, of your immortal soul, which is of more value than a thousand worlds. How dreadful the thought of meeting your Judge unprepared; and if this course is persisted in, it will most assuredly land you in that world of woe where no ray of hope will ever dawn. But I hope better things of you, though I thus speak. I cannot bear the thought that any of Mrs. ——'s children should be lost. How many prayers have been offered up for you! How would your dear mother weep over you, could she return back to this world of sin and sorrow! If you perish, your doom will be dreadful, after such instruction. The blessed Redeemer stands ready to receive you, and every returning, repenting sinner; but the door of mercy will soon be shut. God's patience will not last always; the day of grace will be quickly past, and then, if you begin to seek for mercy, it will be in vain. You have now a space given you for repentance. Let me entreat you to turn from your sins, and live for ever. I do most seriously advise you to leave all companions who are a temptation to you; dash the tempting glass from you; determine not to be enslaved by a vice so pernicious, (may I not add?) so disgraceful. Little do sensible men realize how they appear in fits of intoxication. They often then seem like the greatest fools. They are not only wretched themselves, but

make their friends miserable also. I heard a good woman say that, by taking brandy for her health, she began to love it, and she found that she and her family were in danger of being ruined. She then banished all ardent spirits from the house, took her Bible, read and prayed, until she was enabled to overcome the habit.

"A friend once sent for me, and told me she felt as if she should die, unless she drank brandy to excess, and she wanted my advice. I told her it was a good cause to die in, and advised her to die rather than taste of it. Now, my friend, I wish you may be enabled to make the resolution, and look to God for a blessing and determine *to conquer, or die in the cause.* I am serious. It is a solemn matter. You will be ruined if you persist a little longer. You may be cut off suddenly, as your brother was. O! I do hope and pray that you may be enabled to resist every temptation, and become a new man. Take the Bible for your guide; forsake vain companions; seek earnestly that religion which alone can make you happy here and hereafter.

"I trust you will receive this advice, as it is intended, in love. If I know my own heart, I desire your best interests. If I have said anything to wound your feelings, I hope you will forgive me. I mean not to hurt, but to try to save you. I must now bid you adieu. Perhaps we never shall meet, till we ap-

pear before the bar of judgment with the assembled universe. Then you will not be able to say, I did not warn you of your danger. But I hope we shall meet, and spend an eternity together in celebrating redeeming love. I think it not best to add my name, but only YOUR WELL-WISHER."

To Mr. J. C. of Newburyport.

"——, 1818.

"MY DEAR UNCLE: —

"As I have long wanted to converse with you alone upon the all-important subject of religion, and no opportunity has presented, I hope you will excuse the liberty I am now taking of communicating some of my thoughts in this way.

"My dear father was greatly anxious respecting you, during the last years of his life, and wished to converse freely with you. Perhaps he did, after he expressed his feelings to me. He once told me he hoped you had experienced a real change of heart. I believe he was much engaged in prayer for you, and he seemed to give you up in faith, trusting God would answer his petitions in his own way and time. When I reflect upon the shortness of time, and the worth of the soul, and the importance of improving the day of grace while it lasts, — for God says, 'my spirit shall not always strive with man,' — I am atonished at my

own stupidity, and constrained to lay aside all ceremony, and beg my friends to be up and doing, and not rest easy while uncertain about their future state.

"I know it is God only who can change our hearts; but he says, 'For these things I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.' I feel that it is a matter of great importance that you and aunt K. should know to which class you belong; 'He that gathered not with me scattereth abroad.' If you, my dear uncle, are upon the Lord's side, I wish that your evidences may be made clear, and that you may be enabled to come to Lord's table. I have felt a great desire to have you attend the inquiry meeting. I think, if you heard others converse upon their experiences, your doubts might be cleared up. As the weather is now growing warm, I hope you will be induced to go; for God works with means and by means, and this is a day when the Spirit of God seems to be among us. My father spent much time in retirement during the last years of his life. I believe that secret prayer has a direct tendency to draw us near to God. My grandmother used to say, that we must pray for a heart to pray.

"When persons have been trained from their youth in a religious manner, as you have been, grace is oftentimes implanted in a silent manner, and we perceive the change only by its *effects*. Will you permit me to ask you a few questions by way of trial?

Have you been brought to see yourself lost and undone, and that it would be just in God to cast you off for ever? Does sin appear exceeding sinful as committed against a holy God? Have you been enabled to cast your perishing soul at the feet of Jesus, resolving if you perish you will perish there? Is it your greatest desire to live to the glory of God? Do you love the house of God, and the people of God? Are not some passages of Scripture sometimes opened up to you in a clear manner? I hope you can appeal to the Searcher of hearts and say, if your heart does not deceive you, you can answer these questions in the affirmative? If you cannot, my dear uncle, I sincerely hope you will never rest easy till you do find that your peace is made with God by faith in Jesus Christ. We all have our various cares and trials, but 'one thing is needful.' It is your duty to take a prudent care of the things of this world; but our supreme concern ought to be to live to the glory of God.

"When your beloved son and daughter were taken away, you manifested such quietness that I hoped it was real submission to God's will. I am not willing you should go without assurance in your declining years. I feel unworthy to speak to you upon these great and important matters; but my desires are very earnest that you may enjoy the real comforts of religion. As you see my motive, I hope you will excuse the freedom I have taken.

"I wish you would be willing to write me a few lines, and let me know the state of your mind. It would be a great relief to me to know that you entertain a well grounded hope that you have passed from death unto life. It seems to me that you and others are losing much comfort by keeping your thoughts to yourselves. That is one reason that I want you to attend the inquiry meeting. It has been blessed to others; it may be blessed to you. These precious opportunities will soon be over with us all. O! how important is it that we should improve every means of grace, as death may be near.

"Will you accept my best wishes for your everlasting welfare?

"Your friend and niece,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To a young friend, about leaving town, who had long resisted the strivings of the Spirit.

"Newburyport, March 8th, 1822.

"MY YOUNG FRIEND:

"I cannot let you go without dropping a few hasty lines at this time, upon the important subject of religion. You have been a child of many prayers, and if your reject the precious Saviour, your doom will be peculiarly aggravated. You have had the strivings of the blessed Spirit, I believe, from your early life. Let me entreat you now to begin, in earnest, to seek

an interest in that salvation which Christ died to purchase. God says, in His blessed Word, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' It is lawful to attend to the cares of this life; but let us remember that God ought to have the first place in our hearts, and 'whether we eat or drink, we should do all to the glory of God.' Serious consideration is the first step to conversion. My advice to you is, not to let anything hinder your retiring twice a day, at least, to read the Bible and pray for a new heart. How can you expect that this great blessing will be bestowed upon you, unless you ask for it; and not only ask, but *strive* for it? How would your dear father and grandfather address you from the eternal world, were they permitted to speak! Would they not say, 'Make haste, my dear child, to secure God for your friend, lest you die in your sins, notwithstanding all that has been done for your salvation? O! come now, and give your heart to Christ.' The day of grace still lasts—God's patience is not quite exhausted. O! do, my dear S., let nothing hinder you from giving immediate attention to the vast concerns of your immortal soul. I beg you to pray till you love to pray. I can tell you, by blessed experience, that one hour's communion with God is worth a whole life of sinful pleasure. Christians have trials, but they often have a peace within, which the world knows nothing of. Christ stands knocking at the door of

your heart; O, do not bar him out any longer. I pray the blessing of the Most High may attend you. I shall now address a few lines to Mr. P.

"SIR:—Though I have no personal acquaintance with you, yet I take the liberty to invite you to seek the Lord in the days of your youth. I hear you have pious parents. O, be entreated to gladden their hearts by devoting the dew of your youth to God. You cannot begin too soon to know, by blessed experience, what it is to love and serve God. As you have entered the married state with one who is not thoughtless, I hope you will be enabled to erect the family altar, and daily look up to God, by prayer, for his blessing. The Bible says, 'Pour out thy fury upon the heathen and the families that call not on Thy name.' Dedicate your house to God; keep his holy day; open your heart to Christ. That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest upon you both, is the wish of

"Your friend,
JANE GREENLEAF."

To the same—Penobscot, Me.

"Newburyport, April 9th, 1823.

"MY DEAR MRS. P.—

"I cannot let your husband return home without writing you a few lines. We are glad to hear that

you and the child are so well. You have now a charge, and the voice of God to you is, 'Train up this child for me!' But how can you fulfil this injunction if you are still yourself unreconciled to God? Almost everything, at this day, depends, under God, upon the exertions of pious parents for their children. You love your dear son ardently, no doubt. Well, it is lawful you should love him; but remember he is only loaned to you, and, ere long, you must be called to the bar of judgment, to render an account of the manner in which you have trained him. If you are faithful in praying, for him, and with him, and instructing him in religion as his mind opens, you may expect a blessing on your efforts. But if otherwise, how dreadful your case will be! Now, allow me to ask you if you have come to the resolution that, let others do as they will, you will serve the Lord? If not, you have not a moment to lose. God has been waiting many years upon you, seeking fruit, and finding none, and his day of patience will not last always. Let me entreat you now to throw down the weapons of your rebellion, and come and cast your perishing soul at the feet of Jesus. He will receive you, for he says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' O! my dear friend, you must be decided; you must give God the first place in your heart, and then it is lawful to enjoy everything in subordination to his glory. I have considered you as an almost

Christian for years; but you have seemed too irresolute, too easy; but I hope now you have begun to be in earnest. You must excuse my plainness. It is because I love you and desire your everlasting well-being that I thus write. I hope you will become a Christian, and persuade Mr. P. to seek the Lord in earnest. Accept much love from

"Your friend,

J. G."

Not long after, the person thus addressed and her husband became decided Christians.

To Mrs. G., of Cambridgeport.

"Newburyport, June 23, 1835.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have long intended writing a few lines to you, and now I will delay no longer. I do not forget my old acquaintance, if they forget me.

"Your cares must be many, and very pressing; but I most earnestly desire to hear that you have become a real friend and follower of the meek and lowly Saviour. I used to consider you as almost a Christian, many years ago. You need help from above to guide you in training up your dear children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I rejoice to find that you have a pious companion to help you along under your burdens.

"If you have not good evidence that your heart has been renewed and sanctified, let me entreat you to begin in earnest to seek the salvation of your soul. Everything is ready on God's part; but we must come as beggars, and take the offered mercy. Christ says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' &c. And again, 'The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' This world is only a state of trial, not of rest. Christians have peculiar trials; but they have at times a peace that the world cannot give or take away.

"I want you, dear friend, to become decided. It is a matter of the greatest importance. The most of your family are now, we believe, real Christians; and why are you willing to stay behind? Come, cast in your lot with them, and devote your all to the glory of God. Pious mothers can do great things for their dear children. I think you would be a shining Christian, if you had a good hope, through grace, that your peace was made with God.

"You must excuse my freedom in writing to you so freely. In years past, I used to talk with you, and you always seemed to be willing to hear what I had to say. You have passed through many different scenes since, and so have I; but as we may never meet in this world, I feel constrained to address you

in this way, as I consider myself far on my journey to the world of spirits.

"Accept the best wishes of

"Your sincere friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

In about four years after this letter was written, the friend to whom it was addressed was made a hopeful subject of renewing grace.

The letter which follows was written in answer to one from the lady's sister, communicating the pleasing intelligence.

"Newburyport, June 5, 1839.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"Your welcome and interesting letter reached me safely last week; I thank you for it. It rejoiced my heart to hear that your dear sister, Mrs. G., had been enabled to accept of offered mercy, after refusing the blessings of the Gospel so long. We see in her case the faithfulness of God to his promise, 'I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee.' Your dear, departed mother, no doubt, prayed in faith for the salvation of her children, and her husband, and many others. Her prayers have been answered in the conversion of most of her family, and I do hope that her remaining children and grandchildren will soon be numbered among the ransomed flock of Jesus. I

want you to give my love to your sister, and tell her I hope she will be an active Christian, and 'let her light shine before others, that they, seeing her good works, may glorify her Father who is in Heaven.' We have no strength of our own; but we must look to Christ continually for new strength to perform new duties.

"While she enjoys the comforts of religion, I hope she will write to her brothers upon this important subject; she may be the instrument of enlightening their mind. We must try to do our duty, and then leave all events with God. We all find that the Christian life is a warfare, but there is a glorious prize in view.

"I hope the revival will continue to progress in Brewer. I believe if Christians were more faithful in urging sinners to repentance, we should see greater things around us. A work of grace has been going on here for many months. Many have been wonderfully changed. Aged, hardened sinners have been called out of darkness into marvellous light. Of late, we find that only now and then one is awakened and hopefully converted. We ought to be very thankful for these displays of God's grace, and there seems to be a still small voice among us.

"Accept the well wishes of

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To Mrs. B., of Newburyport.

"July 12, 1838.

"My dear Friend,

"I have intended for a long time to call and see you; but want of health and a variety of other things have prevented me. Now, lest I should not be able to call, I take the liberty to send you a little tract, which, if you do not already own it, you will accept and read often. I consider young mothers as having a very weighty charge to bring up their dear little children in the right way; for it is a true saying, 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

"I never thought I had any skill in training my children; but what was wanting in *skill*, I determined to make up, as far as possible in *strictness*. I used to be very strict with them on the Sabbath. I knew if I neglected to instruct them respecting keeping holy this sacred day, that as they grew up they would be likely to plunge into every sin. I hope you and Mr. B. will be enabled to train up your dear children in the fear of the Lord. Children need 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' for we are all inclined to backslide from God. I hope you will be enabled to pray with and for them. Dr. Buckminster used to remark that 'a family could not be governed without family prayer.' The souls of children seem to be committed to the care of mothers.

"I have dwelt, my dear Mrs. B., upon your re-

sponsibility *as a parent*, but my ardent desire is to urge you and Mr. B. to give up *yourselves* unreservedly to the service of God. Let me persuade you without any delay to resolve that, 'as for you and your house, you will serve the Lord.' 'Here,' as Dr. Young says, 'is solid rock; all is sea beside.' Everything is ready on God's part; but we must come as beggars, and be in earnest. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. 'The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence; and the violent take it by force.'

"I have always greatly desired the salvation of all your family. I hope the time draws nigh when you will all become the disciples of the meek and lowly Saviour.

"When you can get a little leisure, do come up and see us. I hope you will receive this imperfect letter as a token of sincere regard from

"Your real friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

Note to a Sick Neighbor.

"DEAR SIR,

"I sympathize with you in all your afflictions; and as I cannot see and converse with you, I take the liberty to write a few lines, which I hope will be kindly received.

"We are all sinners, and can have no hope of being

saved, except through Christ. I hope you will be enabled to apply to him, and exercise true repentance for all your sins. Let me urge you to offer the prayer of the publican, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner;' and, *without delay*, seek with all your heart an interest in the Saviour's love. He waits to be gracious to the returning, repenting sinner. Life is very uncertain with all of us; but in this life only can we prepare for that eternity, to which we are all rapidly hastening.

"All I can do is to commend you to God, beseeching him to have mercy on you. I have a sincere regard for you and your family, and hope you will all be prepared for that blessed world, where sin can never enter, and where, of course, there will be no sickness or sorrow.

"Your friend,

J. G."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplication. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live."

Ps. cxvi. 1, 2.

In the spring of 1826, this prayerful mother had the unspeakable joy of receiving an answer to the petitions which, for more than *twenty-eight* years, she had presented to the "hearer of prayer" in behalf of her only son. Her faith had been *tried*, but it had not *failed*. Though the blessing had tarried, she waited for it, not *slothfully*, but with *patience* and *perseverance*.

He had been from home most of the time for eight years previous to this event. During his absence, his mother wrote to him frequently, and in all her letters she urged him to attend to the concerns of his soul. Late in the winter of 1826, in writing to him, she quoted Prov. xxix. 1: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." The Holy Spirit accompanied the Word, and he immediately began to seek the Lord earnestly, attending the meet-

ings for religious inquiry, and all the other means of grace within his reach. He did not, however, communicate his state of mind to his mother, until several weeks after, when he hoped he had been brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

Never can the writer forget the evening when his letter, announcing his hope that he had been "born again," was received, with one from his uncle expressing the same opinion. His mother had been suffering through the day from severe symptoms of fever, and hoped for an undisturbed evening. But the joyful intelligence was soon communicated to her, though preceded by an intimation of the tenor of it, lest a sudden announcement might be too much for her weak state. As she listened to all that God in his mercy had done for her son, her emotions of gratitude exceeded her power of utterance, and as she afterwards said, "she felt as if she should die *of joy*." It was the joy of a Christian parent, who realized our lost condition by nature and was thoroughly persuaded of the great truth, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and who could now say, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

The next day was the Sabbath. Being somewhat better, though still unable to sit up, she spent it in pleading for the salvation of others; and in the evening mentioned so many for whom she had

offered supplication, that even to have remembered their names might have been difficult, had she not been so solicitous for their spiritual welfare. This was her way of acknowledging Jehovah's faithfulness and love *by testing it anew;* like an old divine who said, "If the Lord will grant me this favor I will not say as beggars do, I will never come again, but I will come the more."

In the next letter from her son, he stated that he had given up his hope, thinking he had been deceived. This only renewed the earnestness of her prayers, and led her to inquire if there had not been something wrong in herself, in the manner of her receiving the first intelligence. After a few weeks of most distressing anxiety, the clouds dispersed, and he rejoiced in God "with exceeding joy."

In a few months, after much consideration and prayer, he gave up business, and commenced studying for the ministry. His advanced age rendered a collegiate course inexpedient; but after spending two years in the classical school, and three in the Theological Seminary in Bangor, (Me.,) he entered upon the duties of the gospel ministry.

In reviewing the dealings of God with her in regard to her son, she often spoke of his faithfulness, and encouraged other parents to continue "instant in prayer" for their children, reminding them that "*delays* were not *denials*." It is worthy of notice that

the day on which he hoped he was "born of the Spirit" was that which, in union with another, she had devoted to special prayer for him and another near relative, in which she felt encouraged by the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Her maternal solicitude has been referred to before. She taught her children *obedience* before their recollection; and while she was always mild and affectionate in her goverment, she was at the same time perfectly inflexible where duty to God and fidelity to the souls of her children were concerned.

On the Sabbath, besides requiring them to attend public worship constantly, she spent the greater part of the day in reading to them from the sacred Scriptures and decidedly evangelical works, always closing with their repeating the Assembly's Catechism.

"Line upon line, precept upon precept," she constantly gave them. To habits of industry and self-denial they were early accustomed. She watched in them the commencement of evil habits, and did all in her power to eradicate them "in the bud." She was careful in the choice of suitable companions for their childhood, and sought to amuse and interest them herself, that they might not be exposed, unnecessarily, to improper associates. To guard them against being

"easily provoked," she often repeated to them the homely adage,

> "For every trifle scorn to take offence;
> It either shows great pride or little sense."

"Watts' Divine Songs" was one of the first books which she put into their hands to commit to memory, and the touching manner in which she often repeated to them his "Cradle Hymn," could never be effaced from their recollection.

Long after her son was settled in the ministry, a friend who had not enjoyed a similar religious education, remarked to him, that "she wished she could have as clear views of the doctrines of the Bible as he had, and be as free from doubts respecting them." He replied, "I am indebted to the early instruction of my mother for them; especially to her explanations of the Bible and Watts' Hymns and Divine Songs."

The following hymn was one of those she desired them to commit to memory, unconscious, probably, how well the description applied to herself. It appeared in the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine some forty years since.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR A PIOUS MOTHER.

"My gracious God, I bless thy name,
When I recall the tender scenes
Of early childhood; mercy came,
And stored my mind with Gospel themes.

'Twas Thou didst give that parent dear,
Who from my birth, pronouced me thine;
She early taught me Thee to fear,
And bade me know thy love divine.

Oft on her knees the holy saint,
Implored Thy blessing on my head;
Oft she imposed the kind restraint,
While precious tears were on me shed.

Her lovely name I scarce could speak,
Ere I was taught to pray and praise;
Was sent in secret Thee to seek,
And daily told Thy wondrous ways.

Grant, gracious God, that she may see
The fruit of all her pious care;
Let not her child Thy rebel be;
Bless me, O God, and grant her prayer."

They were early taught to speak the truth always. She encouraged in them a taste for useful reading; but would not allow them to enervate and intoxicate their minds, and thus unfit themselves for the stern realities of life, by the perusal of novels and romances. "Nothing, my children will more effectually grieve the Holy Spirit, was a frequently remark.

Regarding the law of the Sabbath to be as binding as any other precept of the Decalogue, she required of all under her control a strict outward observance of it. It was in vain to entreat for greater liberty, and to plead the example of those professed Christians, who allowed their children to walk the streets on the Lord's day, or to attend at places of worship where dangerous

error was taught; or to frequent at other times, places of fashionable amusement. In no instance would she yield, because she viewed the word of God as furnishing her with an invariable rule in these cases, and therefore, as leaving her no discretionary power in relation to them.

Believing that the Sabbath commenced at sunset, and continued till sunset, she required it to be thus observed. But she deemed it improper to rush into worldly business and pleasure as soon as the sun of the Sabbath had gone down; and consequently she did not allow of visiting or labor on the succeeding evening. She often quoted the remark of her grandmother, that, "Saturday evening was necessary for *preparation*, and Sabbath evening for *meditation*."

The nature of those meditations in her case will be seen from the following: —

FROM HER JOURNAL.

"*Sabbath Evening, Dec. 13th,* 1829. — Communion. Though I have not wholly recovered from a sprained limb, I went out. Mr. Proudfit seemed to be much enlarged in the communion service. I was delivered from anxious cares which I feared would distress me. O! for stronger faith that I may surmount every obstable, which hinders my advancement in the divine life!"

At another time, after some temporal deliverance, she writes : —

" If I did not see remarkable mercy in these things, I should be blind indeed. I hope I feel some gratitude. How good is God to unworthy me ! I lament my poor returns for such undeserved favors. Lord, enable me to press forward with new zeal this week. O ! for grace to bear up under trials so as to *honor God!*

" *Sabbath Evening.*—I hope I shall not be left to live upon *frames* ; but of late I think I have felt a little more quickening ; yet my bodily complaints keep me low in spirits. I do hope I desire that the rod may be *sanctified* rather than *removed.* Lord, if thou hast any more work for me to do, thou canst raise me up, and give me strength to perform every duty cheerfully ; but I ask for entire submission to thy blessed will in all things.

" *Thursday, August 4th.*—A day of distress on account of a heavy trial ; but the Lord supported me.

" *Wednesday, 5th.*—I kept the forenoon as a season of prayer for myself and family. I felt calm. Mrs. S. called, and we joined in prayer.

" *October 6th,* 1830.—William's birth day. Thirty-three years have elapsed since his birth. I had various sensations. My life and the lives of my family have been preserved, though many have fallen around us. Praised be the Lord !

"11th, *Communion Sabbath.*—Dr. Proudfit here. We have again been permitted to surround the table of our Divine Redeemer. O! for grace to walk worthy such a solemn profession!

"*November 20th, Saturday.*—When I arose, I felt as though creature streams ran very low—but before breakfast was finished, unexpectedly, they were replenished. O! how wonderful are the ways of Providence towards me, a poor, distrustful worm of the dust, who lives on forfeited mercy! Gracious Parent, give me a heart of gratitude to Thee, the bounteous giver of every good gift.

"*December 25th*, 1830.—Felt a little anxious respecting a debt due in a few days; but the Lord has often appeared for me in times of trial, and I desire to look to Him, and to Him alone.

"26*th, Sabbath.*—I feared great anxiety respecting my worldly cares, but was, in a good degree, delivered. Went out all day. The care before me looks formidable, but I hope I shall get good by the trial.

"27*th.*—I slept quietly, and arose with new strength and courage, and endeavored to cast my care on the Lord. I sent a note to a friend, asking the loan of the sum needed. While —— was gone with it, I felt quiet and resigned, and pursued my usual work. She returned with the sum mentioned. What a deliverance did I esteem it! O! how gracions is

my Heavenly Father! The remainder of the day I could scarcely believe that the burden was so far removed.

"*March* 2*d*, *Friday*.—I did not cast my care so fully on the Lord as I ought to have done, so I did not enjoy as much calmness as I often do on Fridays.

"4*th*, *Sabbath*.—I went out in the morning. Mr. P's text, 'They will not frame their doings to turn unto the Lord.' Afternoon, Mr. W. preached on the efficacy of prayer. I read Marshall on Sanctification. Heard of many inquirers.

"*December* 3*d*, 1832, *Sabbath Evening*.—I did not dare go out, as it was a cold east wind; but have been able to read and enjoy the day. In the morning I was assailed by worldly cares, but I tried to resist the temptation, and the Lord appeared for my help."

Extract from letters to S. T., Esq., of Boston.

October 18, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"I thank you for yours of the 18th inst. The little perplexity, with which you are acquainted, has caused us much trouble. My own cares are pressing, at times; and this new care, with my slender health, has almost overwhelmed me. But the Lord has sustained me, and has raised up friends and helpers in answer to prayer, and in due time I believe I shall

come out of this furnace purified. But I see more and more that I need humbling; for when one cross is removed another is laid on. But, if any soul has had reason to bless and praise the Lord, I have. I do find the Bible and prayer very precious in days of adversity. Pray for me, that I may be kept humble, and not sink under outward trials. My Heavenly Father sees that they are needful, and why should I complain?

"I have just been remarking to a friend that I believe you are called to Boston to do great good. May the God of all grace be with you all, and smile on your efforts to promote the cause of Christ. My prayers shall daily be offered for your success in building up a church at the North end of your city. I have so many friends in Boston that I am with you, in spirit, generally once a day, at least, and sometimes I am ready to wish I were with you in person. But I am placed just where I ought to be, and if I can only be faithful in the discharge of duty, it is what I most desire. But alas! alas! I fall short in all things, and have need continually to fly to that precious blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. * * * *

"I remain, your friend,

J. G."

January 12th, 1828.

" Dear Sir,

" Your truly valuable and interesting letter of the 4th ult. has remained unanswered a long time. I now wish you to accept my hearty thanks for it, and for your great kindness in many other respects to me and my family, and also for these papers of Mr. Bradstreet's. Everything relating to that good man is interesting to me, for, from my earliest years, I have believed him to be one of the best of men. Well do I recollect his prayers in social meetings. He seemed like one who had got very near to God, and who was conversing with him 'face to face.' I never heard any prayers offered that seemed like his. My father loved him very ardently.

" Your account of the state of religion in your city is interesting indeed. The bitter spirit which is manifested by some towards the ministers of Christ is a token for good. It is a sign that the kingdom of Satan totters, and that the friends of Christ, are faithful. I often think that if Christians were more decided, lived more above the world, and did their duty faithfully, they would not slide along so easily. A lukewarm spirit is much to be deplored. It is true that Christians should endeavor to 'live peaceably with all men, if it be possible;' but let us do as we will, we cannot please the world, and keep a clear conscience. I have been reading Dr. B.'s sermon before the

American Board of Missions, and I wish it may have a wide circulation, as it may be the means of waking up Christians to do their duty. It seems to me that you will see greater and greater displays of divine power and grace in Boston. I believe the prayers offered there, and here, and elsewhere, will prevail; and I hope Harvard University will be shaken to its centre. The most that I can do is, as the Lord enables me, to pray for the prosperity of Zion. I endeavor to remember you and your family, at the throne of grace, every day, and often twice in a day.

"With much love to you and your family,

"Your friend,

J. G."

To Mrs. M. H., of Madbury, (N. H.)

"May 15, 1828.

"My Dear Friend,

"I send you a few tracts to read, and lend in your neighborhood. I hear your health is better, and hope you will be entirely restored, and live many years and enjoy much comfort in your mind, and do much good to the souls and bodies of many around you. It is a day when the friends of Jesus are called upon to be up and doing, and we ought to improve every talent committed to our hand, for we shall be judged 'according to our works.' I was reading the parable of the talents recently, and I feel that we all ought

to be more stirred up to try to do good in our day and generation. I sometimes think of our departed friend, Mr. James Neal. O! how much he was engaged in doing good! Even to the last, he continued to write most precious letters to me and others.

"There is a great revival of religion in Bangor. Hundreds are inquiring the way to Zion, and in many towns in that vicinity there is much attention to religion. In Boston there is a good work going on, and even here there is 'a still small voice.'

"As we approach our journey's end, my dear friend, may we be enabled to set our affections more entirely on things above. We have no strength of our own, but we must repair to Jesus continually for new supplies of grace and strength. I find that nothing but keeping near to the throne of grace by prayer, and reading God's holy word, will keep me from sloth and sin. Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and watch and pray continually. Give my love to M. H. and all who remember me.

"Your friend,
JANE GREENLEAF."

Letter to Mrs. M. C., of D.

"Newburyport, March 24, 1829.

"MY DEAR MRS. C.,

"I bear you and your dear family much on my mind every day. I have learned by experience to

feel for those who are laboring under bodily weakness and distresses. I believe you will regain your health when the warm weather approaches.

"I hope and trust this season of confinement will be sanctified for your best good. This precious promise is often a source of comfort to me, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' It is said, 'Affliction is the good man's shining scene.'

"I don't know how it is with you; but I see so much sin and vanity mixed with everything I do, that I have reason to expect many trials to purify me and prepare me for that pure state where nothing unholy can ever enter. I am often sick of myself, and want to fly away from sin.

"I have heard of the great affliction Mr. and Mrs. ——— have sustained in the death of their beloved children. If you recollect, a year or two since, you asked me to remember them, and from that time to this, I have often endeavored to intercede for them and their children. When I heard of their sorrows, I began to think that the cross came first, and that the blessing would follow in their salvation. Certainly, they have been called to drink a bitter cup, and it does seem to me that Heaven has some wise designs in withering those fair flowers. May we not hope that they are transplanted to a fairer soil? Surely the parents have a new motive to seek prepar-

ation for heaven. The little tract in poetry, called 'the Hermit,' might afford them consolation if put into their hands. Do get it for them. I hope you and Mr. C. will be made instruments of their salvation. No doubt they look up to you for counsel in this time of trial. If you see anything favorable do let me know, for I shall, as the Lord enables me, commend them to the mercy of God.

"I have been greatly interested respecting the new church in D. ever since I heard of it. I hope a great blessing will follow. I believe Mr. C. is raised up to do much for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. 'He who sows bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.' I hope many will be added to both churches who will finally be saved.

"The most I can do is to pray for the prosperity of Zion, and for those who are active in the Lord's cause. We all have a work assigned us; let us not be slothful, but 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

"I trust, my dear niece, you will soon be raised up with new zeal for God. Your dear children will, I hope, all be gathered early into the fold of Christ.

"We have had a few instances of conviction and conversion here of late. Mr. Proudfit's preaching has been blessed for the hopeful conversion of several. The Bible class is large and interesting. We hope

our old church will soon be repaired. Pray for us, that it may be filled with spiritual worshippers.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

To Miss H. T., of West Newbury.

"Newburyport, June 20th, 1827.

"My dear Miss T.,

"I am glad to hear the good work still goes on among you. Respecting your female prayer meetings, be not discouraged if but a few take a part. It is just so here; and one of our good women, when speaking on the subject, said, 'She thought we should rejoice in eternity that, when called upon so constantly, we had not refused.' This backwardness the Lord alone can take away. You, who are able, must go forward, and in due time, others will rise up and do the same. It is very encouraging to have your young men so zealous, and to have converts multiplied. Let Christians keep near to God, and the work will go on. It is true that all who look fair at the first in a revival, do not stand in the hour of temptation; but that we must leave. I think your minister, Mr. C., has a revival spirit, and the Lord has blessed his labors.

"The Lord is displaying his power and grace in many places. In Portland the work is truly wonderful. Whole families, who have been very gay,

are brought to the knowledge of the truth. Some young men, from this town, have been subjects of the work there, and have written excellent letters to their friends here. I assure you I have read some of them with great delight. My son writes that in several places near Bangor there are revivals of religion; some of them have never had a minister. Mrs. M. G. has five grandchildren in one of these places, who appear like true Christians. We see, in this day of wonders, that God is using feeble instruments to promote His glory in the salvation of sinners.

"Your friend,

J. G."

To Miss H. T., Augusta, (Me.)

"Newburyport, April 19, 1829.

"My dear Miss T.,

"I take the liberty to send one hundred small tracts, which I have had printed at my own expense, for you to dispose of in your region. I found it in an old book, and thought it too good to pass into oblivion. I had a thousand printed, and they sell readily. If I lose a little money by this effort, I shall not mind it. If but one soul may be saved by them, what a mercy this will be! God works by means, and with means. What wonderful condescension is it that we are permitted to do anything to aid the Redeemer's

cause! If any good is done by us, the glory all belongs to God. Let us be humble and yet active.

"I believe God is making you and your friends very useful in the situation where you now reside. To-day I have been permitted to meet you at the throne of grace. What a rich privilege it is that we can meet dear absent friends in this way! I hope you will continue to pray for me and mine every Friday morning. I have witnessed many answers to prayer since the day has been mentioned to Christian friends. Generally Friday is a day of peace and enjoyment to me, and I consider it as an answer to the prayers of others. This day, being Good Friday is set apart by many, as a day of fasting and prayer; and I see in the Recorder, that many ministers in London, as well as in this country, devote it to prayer for a revival of Religion.

"Accept much love from

"Your friend,

J. G."

CHAPTER IX.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. —Gal. vi. 2.

No TRAIT in the character of Mrs. G. was more conspicuous than that of sympathy with the afflicted, and a disposition to relieve their sorrows to the extent of her ability. It has already been alluded to; but a few of her letters to persons in affliction may exhibit this characteristic more fully. Herself trained in the school of adversity, she was well prepared to feel for "others' woes," whether these were of a temporal or spiritual nature.

To Mrs. M. H., of Madbury.

"Newburyport, June 1, 1826.

"MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"I received your last kind letter, and take my pen to reply to it. Though you write as though you felt rather low in spirits, yet your letter breathes the true spirit of the Gospel. I admire your humble mind. I hope you are getting good by your affliction. 'Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth.' You ask, how I have

got along in the Divine life? I answer, very poorly. My health has been so feeble for many months that my mind has been dark, and my spirits exceedingly low. I wish I could come and sit a few days with you all alone, and converse upon the best of things — but I cannot now. It is pleasant meeting Christian friends, as we are passing through this wilderness world. I often have occasion to think of Mr. Whitefield's words: — 'There is no rest for the Christian here, there will be rest enough in Heaven.' My sickness being the influenza and asthma, has been very distressing; now I am a little better, but my strength is small; I ride out a little, and hope by degrees, to get so as to walk to the house of God and to see a few friends; but I dare not presume on long life, or much health. I have other trials; but want of health has led me to think lightly of the rest. The Lord has granted me many mercies in the midst of afflictions; but one mercy has been truly refreshing to my heart. I had a letter from my son, several weeks since, in which he stated that his attention had been called up to the subject of religion, and that after a season of deep distress, he indulged a hope that his heart had been renewed, though he had many fears lest he should be deceived, and asked us to pray for him. We have had several letters since, and one from my brother on the subject. He is now in a low, dark frame; but, on the whole, we have great reason to believe that the Lord has begun

a good work in his heart; if so, he will carry it on. He has always been moral and industrious; but now he thinks that he has been a great sinner. When the spirit of God opens our eyes, then we see that all our outward morality will not avail us, that we must look to an all-sufficient Saviour, and depend alone on his finished righteousness for acceptance with God. Yet I believe that we ought to live as holy lives, as though we expected to be saved by our works. The reason why sinners get along so smoothly is that they see not their sin and danger. When the law of God is opened up in all its spirituality, then we see how far short we fall. If there had not been an infinite evil in sin, there would not have been such a costly sacrifice. Let us rejoice that we have such and advocate with the Father. If we have a humble hope that we have an interest in this great salvation, what obligations are we under to live to the glory of God, to 'let our light shine' before others! Let us take new courage, and keep near to God by prayer and reading his blessed word, and if others are careless, let us be more watchful.

"It is a day of religious declension here, and yet a few have become seriously disposed of late. The heads of two families in this neighborhood, who have been much devoted to the world, are now asking the way to Zion, and some of them appear like Christians. The change in them is marvellous. In Portsmouth

and Exeter a good work is beginning. I hope the people around you will soon awake out of sleep, and inquire for the way of salvation. Life is so short and uncertain that it becomes us all to awake and arise, and shake ourselves from the dust of this world, and cry mightily to God that He would send down his blessed spirit, that 'dry bones may live.'

"With regard to my afflictions I feel that all is right; God is good, infinitely good, and when he chastens his children, it is for their highest benefit. I see, and I hope I am enabled to kiss the hand which smites me. My greatest desire is to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man. I hope, my dear friend, you will pray for me, that I may be faithful.

"Your friend,

J. G."

To the same.

"Newburyport, Dec. 13th, 1827.

"My Dear Friend,

"Last evening your kind and welcome letter was received. I am sorry to find that your health continues so poor, but trust you will be enabled to say, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' It seems to me that your letter breathes a true christian spirit, and that is of more worth than health, or any earthly good. If it is the Lord's blessed will, I have an earnest desire that your life may be prolonged, and I shall endeavor,

as I am enabled, to pray for you every day, that you may be spared to do much good, and that we may yet meet while we are sojourners in this vale of tears.

"My health has been better for several months, but as the cold weather comes on, I take cold easily and must be very careful; but with all my care, unless the Lord sustains me, I shall be sick, and die. Perhaps your work and mine is not yet done. I had a letter from an excellent minister recently, in which he says 'he does not wish to have the trials of Christians lessened, *as they need them all.*' You know, however, that St. Paul says, 'no affliction, for the present, seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby.' I hope you will be enabled to live near to God, and that your room will be made a Bethel to your soul. If the presence of the Saviour is with you, this will make every cross light.

"Farewell, my dear friend, for the present.

"Your friend, J. G."

To Mrs. P., of Penobscot, (Me.)

"Newburyport, May 27th, 1826.

"My Dear Mrs. P.

"Your aunt called this morning with your letter, which announces the sudden and solemn death of your beloved husband. O! how true the saying 'In the

midst of life we are in death.' We do sincerely sympathize with you under this affecting bereavement. But your cup of affliction is mixed with much mercy. What a source of consolation is afforded you in believing that your partner was so well prepared to meet his judge! How happy was it that he could speak, and that he appeared so resigned and patient under peculiar bodily sufferings! Do not overlook these great mercies, and also that you were prepared, by grace, to acquiesce in this distressing event. The religion of the Gospel affords consolation in seasons of deep sorrow. I hope, my dear friend, that you will be enabled to cast all your care on the Lord, and that He will enable you persevere in your Christian course, finding you strength equal to your day. God says, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' The promise, I trust will be made good in your experience. 'Whom the Lord loves He chastens.' We have no promise of exemption from trials; but God says, 'when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' May you find Christ very precious to you in this night of adversity. As a double charge will now devolve upon you respecting your children, I hope you will be enabled to train them up in a right way, 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Let me advise you to keep near the throne of grace, and study to do

your duty in all things, and may you be enabled to 'let your light so shine before others that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father in Heaven.'

"The Lord is pouring out his blessed spirit in many places in our land, in a wonderful manner. Let us pray that these displays of grace may continue and increase till 'the whole world shall be filled with the knowledge and glory of God, as the waters fill the seas.' You must pray much for your aunt and her dear children, and do write her seriously as often as you can. We must do our duty, and then leave all events with God.

"I hope your dear children will be spared, and be made rich blessings to you. I cannot realize that your husband is really gone into that world, from whence he will not return — but we must remember that we are but a few steps behind our departed friends.

"Yet, as Dr. Young says, 'all men think all men mortal but themselves.' O! my dear friend, I do greatly rejoice to know that you have been so submissive under this great affliction — this honors religion. You will, probably, feel your loss more and more; but, as creature streams are dried up, may you repair to the fountain, and drink large draughts of salvation, and evidence your religion by a holy

life and conversation. You must pray for us. We have our daily trials; may they be sanctified.

"Your friend,

J. G."

Extract of a letter to a friend in Boston, who was subject to mental depression.

"Newburyport, July 28th, 1828.

"Dear M. A.

"We are all apt to look on the dark side of things, if we pore too much on our own imperfections. When the enemy of all good finds some of the dear children of God a little inclined to be nervous and low-spirited, he generally sets in with his temptations, and often tries to persuade them that their hearts are not right in the sight of God. I have seen many very exemplary Christians much cast down and disquieted by these suggestions, when, in reality, the promises all belonged to them. You must not indulge these desponding fears, but hope in the mercy of God, and go forward, trying to do your duty, and then 'casting all your care on him who careth for you.' I often think of these lines of Dr. Watts,

'What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?'

"It is our duty to take care of our health; some of my nearest friends have often been brought into

deep waters of outward affliction by nervous disorders, and I find, of late years, that my nerves are very weak, and I am obliged to be very careful, and I advise you, my dear girl, to refrain from everything that may tend to irritate your nerves. When my nerves are affected, I find that everything looks dark around me: little things appear like mountains. These frail bodies are a great clog to our immortal minds. My spirits are often greatly revived by a walk in the open air, and a little cheerful conversation. There is no real religion in gloom. We ought to endeavor to recommend religion by a cheerful submission under the various trials of life. I would not discourage a very tender walk. We cannot be too watchful, or too prayerful; and yet we may, by being too much alone, get into a very gloomy, distressing state. You must walk, and ride out, and change the scene often; it is more your duty than it is to read, or be in your own room. I have hard work, sometimes, to keep my mind quiet under the storms of life; but in general, I am calm. Nothing quiets my mind more than to meet with dear Christian friends, and to hear them converse and pray. I hope, my dear, you will be kept from sinful despondence; but you must use the means, or you cannot expect a blessing. Do come up soon, and visit your friends here — and be with us often. Our company, in general, consists of lively Christians. I love your tender

spirit, but I wish you not to indulge a gloomy temper, as it may lessen your usefulness, as well as happiness. Every Christian has a warfare to accomplish, but 'through Christ strengthening us we can do all things.' We ought to pray for more faith; for when faith is in exercise, mountains become plains. The person of weak faith, if it is genuine, will be saved; but if our faith is strong, we shall do more good. God has done wonders in your family, by bringing so many into his kingdom; let us call to mind his mercy, and pray for the salvation of others. I want to feel more engaged, and to see others waking out of sleep.

"Accept this as a token of friendship from

J. G."

To the same.

"September 10th, 1828.

"My Dear M. A.

"I have been too tardy in replying to yours of July 30th, but you will excuse this seeming neglect. I have endeavored to spread your affecting case before the Lord, daily. Your very complaints are the breathing of a pious soul, under the hidings of God's countenance. Your case is not singular. I have conversed with several recently, who feel much as you do. But your case calls for the tender sympathy of those Christians who are favored with brighter evidence of their adoption. I wish you had that as-

surance of your safety which I have for you ; but, my dear, you must try to cast all your care on Him who careth for you. I was reading, last evening, a sermon of Dr. Proudfit's upon the safety of the real believer, and the marks of the true Christian. It was truly refreshing and animating. I got such a lift by the perusal that I thought I could go in the strength of that meat many days ; but alas ! in the wakeful hours of the night, I lost my hold of those precious promises for a time, and all was dark and dismal. But this morning I have been enabled to repair to the Fountain, and have got another ' outlet.' I find I have nothing of my own ; if I get some sweet consolation in the promises to-day, I must go again to-morrow for a new supply. But how delightful the thought that ' Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,' and if *our frames vary*, *He* changeth not. If you are in covenant with God, you are just as safe when he hides his face, as when you are favored with the light of his reconciled countenance. I would recommend Priestly's Looking Glass, and Guthries' Trial of a saving interest in Christ. They have been blessed to many trembling souls.

" Satan, the enemy of all good, tempts many to despondency, who are the real friends of Christ. ' He worries whom he can't devour ' — but, my dear M. A., I do advise you to try to baffle his temptations. You must use remedies for your health and

spirits; no doubt, your nerves are weak. Many who are true mourners for sin, when their nerves are affected, are often cast down, and give up their hope. None know what such distresses are but those who experience them. Of late years, when pressed down by sickness and outward troubles, I have had some of these sad feelings; but I find a little cheerful conversation, and a walk, or ride, tend to lighten my burdens. We have bodies which must be attended to, as well as our souls. I love some of your feelings; such tenderness of conscience ought to be imitated, for you justify God under all your affliction — what is this but true submission to his blessed will? 'To this man will I look, even to him who is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my word.' Take encouragement. How good is God to you in affording you so many precious promises, to sustain you in this season of darkness. That is said to be the strongest faith which can trust God in the dark. I want you to go on, and do all the good you can to others, just as if you were sure of your own salvation. You must be comforted, for the promises are all yours, I do believe, though for a season your faith is weak. 'Hope in God, for you will yet praise Him.' I think your evidences are much more sure than mine. Be much in prayer — but do not spend too much time alone — use exercise, and try to throw off this gloom. Pray for more faith, and when you

seem to be shut up in prayer, leave yourself, and plead for the conversion of some particular persons who are yet in their sins. Do read Brainerd's Life, and you will see how much he endured; but he was wonderfully set at liberty, and so will you be, my dear friend, if you go forward trusting in the mercy of God.

"Your sympathizing friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To a friend in affliction on account of an absent son.

"Newburyport, July 18th, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am sorry to find you are in some trouble respecting one of your sons. I hope, ere this, you have found him, and that he has returned home. If not, you must try to feel perfectly calm about him, feeling that God can preserve him from sin and every danger. If he should go to sea, and be exposed to temptation, the Lord can keep him there. A good woman in Salem, some years since, had a son who left home, went to sea, and fell into many snares. His mother kept praying for him, but heard nothing from him. One afternoon she walked out into a very retired place, and knelt down to pray for her son, if he was alive. But she had such a sense of the goodness of God, that she could only praise him for his mercies, and seemed to leave her son with Him. She

soon received a letter from the wanderer, giving an account of his hopeful conversion. You must continue to pray for your beloved son, and you may soon have an answer. I make it a rule to pray for you and your family every day. I hope your own health is good, and that you are sustained under every care and trial. The Lord is a faithful, covenant-keeping God. 'Who ever trusted in Him, and was confounded?'"

CHAPTER X.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—EPH. vi. 24.

IN the summer of 1830, Mrs. G. had a short interview in Newburyport with the late Robert Ralston, Esq., of Philadelphia, that distinguished Christian philanthropist; and soon after his return home, she addressed a letter to him. The following is his reply:—

"Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1830.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—

"The precious spirit manifested in the grateful emotions of your heart, to the God of all our mercies, as contained in yours of the 29th ult., was refreshing, I trust, to our spirits. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of one friend another.' A precious spirit it may well be called, and I would indulge the hope, partakes of that love, which caused the disciples' hearts to burn within them, on their way to Emmaus. To see the out-stretched hand of your Heavenly Father, interposing in the time of the crea-

ture's extremity, will enable you, in unison with the poet, to say,

> 'In each event of life, how clear
> Thy ruling hand I see;
> Each blessing to my soul most dear,
> Because conferred by Thee.'

What nearness to the Lord does it discover! What condescension in the Great Supreme, to give the impression, on that very morning, 'that some relief was at hand!' How can there be a want of trusting in the Lord?

"To have praying breath for me and mine, I hope I do not esteem a small favor of the Lord; and, therefore, to have the assurance that this has been your exercise of soul, and, as God shall enable you, will be in time to come, is very grateful to me. I desire to give him the praise. It is all of Him, and all through Him, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

"O! my friend, how can we love Him and serve Him as we ought, whilst we are on the earth? Let us take the cup of salvation, and call upon His holy name. This is all He requires of us, to receive still greater benefits.

"To observe the Friday morning exercise shall be my endeavor; but permit me to solicit your prayers for me that the Lord will afford me the *spirit* of

prayer. O! my friend, you know something of the weakness of the creature, and, therefore, you will not be surprised that I need more grace, more strength, more faith, that I may pray the in-wrought prayer of the heart.

"That your son may be kept humble, as you are so anxious he should be; that he may be eminently useful in the gospel ministry, and a burning and shining light in the church of Christ, will be my earnest desire for him. And that the Lord will bless you, my dear friend, and all who are dear to you, will be the earnest and affectionate desire of

"Your very sincere friend,

ROBERT RALSTON."

She loved Christians of all denominations. While she firmly believed the doctrines, and had a decided preference for the form of government of the Presbyterian Church, she did not exclude from her charity those who, while they seemed to love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, did not coincide with her *in every particular*. By some her charity was thought to be excessive; but if at times she judged too favorably of the undeserving, there was ample compensation for all such mistakes in that increased readiness thus produced to believe and honor God, who is ever better than our thoughts.

"To decide infallibly upon character," says Rev.

J. A. James, "is not only the *prerogative* of the Deity, but requires his *attributes*. There may be some grains of wheat hid among the chaff which we may be at a loss to discover. We must be careful how we set up our views, or our experience, as the test of character, so as to condemn all who do not come up to our standard."

"Charity hopeth all things. Charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up." "This divine virtue delights to speak well, and think well of others; she talks of their good actions, and says little or nothing, except when necessity compels her, of their bad ones. She holds her judgment in abeyance as to motives, till they are perfectly apparent. She does not look round for evidence to prove an evil design, but hopes that what is doubtful will by further light appear to be correct; she imputes not evil so long as good is probable; she leans to the side of candor, rather than to that of severity; she makes every allowance that truth will permit; looks at all the circumstances which can be pleaded in mitigation; suffers not her opinions to be formed, till she has had opportunity to escape from the mists of passion, and to cool from the wrath of contention. Love desires the happiness of others; and how can she be in haste to think evil of them!"

Under the influence of this charity, the subject of this memoir seemed always to act. While she thought

humbly of herself, she always hoped the best of others; and earnestly endeavored not to indulge in prejudice against any. She was much pleased with the direction of Cecil, "If there is any person you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak."

She had many dear friends who had embraced Unitarian sentiments. In conversing with them, she never countenanced their errors, nor yielded her own opinions. Such a course would have been weakness; not charity, but a perversion of it. In the history of Christ and his apostles we find nothing to sanction such liberality, on points vital to the soul, and fundamental to the gospel. She would tell these friends that "she believed in a religion which extended to every act of life; but she came so infinitely short in all things, that, if it were not for the *atoning blood of Christ*, and her belief in Him as 'the *Mighty God*,' her hopes of salvation would be at an end;" and as expressive of her trust, she would quote those lines of Dr. Watts,

> "But when I stand before thy bar,
> *The blood of Christ* is my defence."

When any objected to the doctrine of the Trinity on account of its *mystery*, she would reply, "Yes, it is a *glorious mystery*; and it becomes us to *wonder* and *adore* where we cannot *comprehend*."

As descriptive of the kind manner in which she

addressed those who were Unitarians, the following letter to Mrs. P., of Portland, (Maine,) will be introduced; although it was one of the last which she ever dictated, and after the failure of her sight, prevented her writing with her own hand. She had not seen this friend for forty years, but hearing that she had become blind, her sympathies were strongly enlisted in her behalf.

"Newburyport, Jan. 18, 1850.

"DEAR MRS. P.,

"I trust you will excuse the liberty I now take in addressing you in this way. Since I heard particularly from you last summer, by Mrs. M., I have sympathized with you under your afflictions; and I know, by sad experience, how to feel for you under loss of sight, as my own is very much impaired.

"In our younger years, we have met in this very house where I now reside. You, as well as myself, have been called to suffer many bereavements, having lost your husband and an only son; but now we are both far on our journey to the eternal world. And O! I hope we have both fled for refuge to the only hope set before us in the gospel, and have tasted the blessedness of those whose sins are covered by the *atoning blood of Christ*, and have found him exceedingly precious. Our lot in life has been very different. You have lived in affluence; and I have passed

through many outward straits and embarrassments; but I have always been provided for by Him who has promised his people, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee.'

"I trust you have kind children and grandchildren with you, whose pleasure it is to mitigate your afflictions, as far as it is in their power. These are mercies that ought to call forth our warmest gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

"I have been in Portland twice during the last fifteen years, and now deeply regret that I did not call upon you. My object was to visit my son, who then resided in Andover, seventy-five miles north of Portland. I admired your city, and the friends I met.

"My particular design in writing is to tell you that I often remember you and your family in my prayers, beseeching God to grant you all well-grounded hope of pardon and eternal life, through the merit and mediation of our Almighty Redeemer.

"If we are permitted to meet in a better world, it must be, not for any righteousness of our own, but only on account of the righteousness and atonement of Him who died that we might live.

"I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be entirely resigned under my afflictions.

"I expect no reply to this imperfect letter. Accept it only as a proof of kind remembrance; and

rest assured I shall continue to pray that God will grant you those divine consolations, which the world can neither give nor take away. It is a great mercy that your hearing is continued, so that you can listen to the reading of the Word of God and good books.

"That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest on you and yours, is the ardent desire and prayer of

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

This letter was most kindly received, and at the request of Mrs. P. often read to her. In about two weeks after the death of Mrs. G., she followed her to the world of spirits. During her illness, the prayer of the publican was often offered by her, to the prayer-hearing God.

The following letters are of a miscellaneous character.

To Mrs. M. C., of D.

"Newburyport, February 19th, 1831.

"MY DEAR NIECE,

"I wish to express my gratitude for the noble present I have received from you and Dr. C. I am sometimes, unwilling to be so burdensome to my friends. At others I am sweetly submissive, so that I prefer my situation to a prosperous one. I need humbling, and Infinite Wisdom sees it needful

to keep me low, as to temporal things, in order, I trust, to purify me, and prepare me for a better world.

"I cannot tell you my feelings, when I received your letter. This favor, and others from you and other kind benefactors, often excite lively gratitude to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift; and then, I am drawn out in love to those, who are made such instruments of good to me. I ought to love to be in straits, that I may see, more fully the goodness of God. Help me, my dear niece, to bless and adore the hand which is continually stretched out, in a marvellous manner, for my relief. I keep a little record of mercies, and I should like to read a part of it to you when we meet, for you would be struck with the faithulness of my covenant God and Father to me. I feel entirely unworthy of the least mercy; and yet how full of blessings is my cup! But I forbear after desiring my best love to Dr. C. God will reward you both, if I cannot.

"I wish to express my approbation of Dr. C.'s speech with respect to Harvard University. I have recently heard that the matter is decided in behalf of the liberal party. Well, in due time, there will be a change there. We must not be discouraged; for, if we cannot overrule these things, God can and will do it in his own time. Those, who have stood forth on the side of truth, will have a rich reward; but we are called now to 'watch unto prayer.'

"I have had a very interesting letter from Mr. Woodbridge. He now resides in Utica, N. Y., where there is a great revival of religion. He says, hundreds are converted there, and that prayer meetings are attended almost every hour in the day and evening. He thinks there is a great conflict before Christians, and that it becomes them to be more decided.

"I hope we shall be more stirred up here, and that the friends of Christ, in your region will take courage, and pray more fervently for the dews of Divine grace to descend among you. We have commenced the monthly distribution of tracts to every family in town. Most received them the first time—the second month more were refused, but I hope good will be done by them. O! that we might have a spring time as to religion!

"Mrs. P. has died lately after a long sickness. I shall miss her, but I cannot be so selfish as to wish any of my pious friends back to this state of sin and sorrow.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

The following letter was addressed to a friend in Newburyport, whose daughter was sinking in consumption: —

"August, 1831.

"My Dear Friend,

"I have wanted to call in since your return from Andover, but thought it would be greater kindness to stay away. I hope your beloved daughter will be spared and made a great blessing to her parents and friends, if consistent with the Divine will; but my earnest prayer is that she and her friends may be prepared for any event. She has always been a very pleasant child; and, sometimes, such fair plants are removed early to a better world. Infinite Wisdom cannot err. Our duty is to aim at entire submission under every allotment of Divine Providence, however adverse it may seem to us. I often think of these lines,

> 'Behind a frowning Providence,
> He hides a smiling face.'

"I hope M. A. will open her mind to some pious female friend upon religious subjects, and obtain great comfort; for if she lives many years, she will need the consolations of religion. We all need these consolations, and we ought to be much engaged in prayer for them. As she cannot read now, or hear reading, she is deprived of some privileges which she used to enjoy. But what a mercy it is that we can send up our desires to God, when we are laid aside by sickness! He can hear and answer the softest call.

"However amiable and lovely your dear daughter is, she needs, as we all do, a better righteousness than her own, to prepare her for that blessed world where no sin or sorrow can ever enter. I hope she will be enabled to look, by faith, to that Almighty Saviour who is able and willing to save all who apply to Him for the remission of their sins. How precious, and how free are his invitations, 'Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"I have written a few lines to M. A. for you to look over and give to her, if you think best. Sometimes, a few lines written are more blessed than conversation. I trust you will be sustained under every trial. Yours, in haste,

J. G."

The two following letters were addressed to a kind friend and neighbor, for whose spiritual interests she felt much solicitude, and over whom she soon rejoiced as a member of Christ's "little flock."

"September 6, 1831.

"Dear Sir,

"As I do not see you when I call at your house, I take the liberty of expressing a few thoughts in writing, presuming on your candor to excuse my freedom. I do sincerely sympathize with you and

Mrs. C. under the recent affliction, in the death of your beloved daughter. She has been a most desirable child from her earliest years. No wonder your hearts are depressed under such a loss; but I hope you will be enabled to say, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' Think of the great mercies mixed with this bitter cup. Your beloved M. A. was, I believe, well prepared for a state of complete rest in heaven. She has, I trust, through boundless grace, been admitted into that pure region 'where all the air is love.' She was a lovely flower, early cut down, and transplanted into a region of perfect peace and joy. However dark and mysterious this dispensation of Providence may appear to us imperfect creatures, yet, hereafter, I hope and believe you will see that it was designed for your best good. God is too wise to err; too good to lay any unnecessary affliction on any of his creatures. This heavy bereavement may be the means of drawing your heart to Christ, and thus preparing you to meet your beloved daughter in the realms of glory. Let us all consider that we are but a few steps behind our departed friends. Preparation for death is the 'one thing needful.'

"I have long wanted to express my gratitude to you, sir, for your repeated acts of kindness towards me. If I cannot make any return to you, God can, and will reward all my kind benefactors.

"That the best of heaven's blessings may rest on you and your family, is the desire and prayer of

"Your sympathizing friend,

J. GREENLEAF."

To the same.

"August, 10, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,

"You must allow me the privilege of thanking you for your repeated acts of benevolence towards us. I cannot well express my feelings, when your last valuable present was received. I was alone in the house, and was so affected with a sense of my ingratitude to the God of all mercy, that for a time I sat in silent astonishment. This new token of kindness has called forth earnest desires for your best welfare. I cherish the pleasing hope that you and your beloved family will soon all become decidedly pious. I have felt the fullest confidence that the early removal of your beloved M. A. was to be the means of the salvation of your whole family. We cannot mourn for her; let us rather rejoice that she left such bright evidence that she was prepared for a state of complete felicity. May we seek, diligently, that vital union to Christ, by a true and living faith, which will entitle us to that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God,' beyond the grave!

"I have long considered you as 'almost persuaded'

to come out boldly on the Lord's side. Your acts of benevolence to the poor and afflicted, ought to humble many professed Christians, who 'withhold more than is meet, and it tends to poverty.' I wish you could attend the meeting on Thursday evenings; you might get your good resolutions very much strengthened by so doing. My idea is, that the diligent seeker will find. If we ask, *perseveringly*, we shall receive; but we must be *in earnest*, if we want spiritual blessings, as time with us may be very short.

"I often think of my father, when I see you so active about worldly things. He did much good by employing many, and so do you; he spent much time alone, every day, in prayer and reading the Bible, especially during the last years of his life, when he had leisure.

"We are all forming characters for a vast eternity, and we cannot be too much engaged in securing an interest in the Saviour's love. With your active disposition, how much may you do in the cause of Christ, if you should now be decided in religion! Excuse the freedom I have taken in expressing my feelings in this way. Accept the best wishes of

Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

In the revival of religion in Newburyport, in 1831, she was much interested. Her house was the resort

of numerous inquirers and young converts, whom she instructed in the way of salvation. And as, every day, tidings of new subjects of the work reached her ears, her heart was filled with gratitude, and she earnestly desired that large accessions might be made to the churches, "of such as should be saved."

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

March 27th, 1831.—A rainy day; I staid at home. Had some liberty in intercession. An inquiry meeting appointed. We hear of great revivals in other places. Several of our youth have been hopefully converted, while at a distance — but, as yet, no special interest here; only Christians pray more.

April 7th, Fast Day.— Confined at home by severe pain in my face, but have been able to read and attend to other duties. Mr. Proudfit preached on the efficacy of prayer. He called in before night. He feels the importance of a revival here, and is willing to resort to any suitable means to promote it. This evening it is proposed to have a prayer meeting, and another to-morrow morning. O! that the prayer of faith may be answered here, and everywhere.

Friday, 8th.—The meeting last evening was very solemn and interesting; the house full.

Tuesday, 19th.— A very busy morning — many friends called; but I finished my nine letters to send to Boston. Afternoon, Mrs. S. called, and read an

excellent letter from her son, who has become serious. She said that Miss —— hoped she had met with a change of heart, and said she should not rest till all the family were Christians.

Wednesday, 20*th*.— Went to the Maternal Association — more than sixty present. Mrs. B. T. showed me a letter from her son, giving an account of a revival in Bangor. It gladdened my heart to hear such tidings. Heard that one person was awakened last Sabbath under Mr. P.'s morning sermon.

Saturday, 23*d*.— Mr. E. Boyd, of Berwick, that good minister called. He stated the wonderful things God was doing by his blessed Spirit in the region where he resides. Sister W. and C. H. called in, and heard his most excellent prayer. Thus far, the Lord has sustained me, and blessed be his name.

June 20*th*, *Monday evening*.— A union prayer meeting, on account of the four days' meeting, which is expected to begin to-morrow. May a blessing attend them.

Tuesday, 21*st*.— The meetings began — I went all day — excellent prayers and addresses. I heard considerable.

Wednesday, 22*d*.— A crowded house — the exercises very good.

Thursday, 23*d*.— It rained — but I went out — very excellent services.

Friday, 24*th*.— The last day of the feast, and a

day of high religious privileges. Mrs. —— called at noon with her three daughters, all of whom think they have got new hearts.

Sabbath, 26th.— Though I had a cold, I was able to be at meeting all day. Mr. Cheever's text, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." In the morning to Christians — in the P. M. to the unconverted. Heard of many persons being awakened. An inquiry meeting in the chapel; the church remained in the meeting-house for prayer. I hope the Lord will be present in all the praying circles this night, and that great effects will follow.

Extract from a letter to Mr. and Mrs. S. T., of Boston.

"July 14th, 1831.

"My Dear Friends,

"I hardly know where to begin to speak of what the Lord is doing among us by his blessed spirit. Great good has resulted from the protracted meeting last month. I had a high opinion of Dr. B. before, but my expectations were exceeded. I would not, however, exalt any man too high; for I know he shines with borrowed lustre. All the ministers appeared well. Such a spirit of prayer descended upon them, that we were all much affected by it. I heard more than I have heard in public for seven years before. It was a sweet season of mercy, to many, and

the effects have been abiding. The revival still goes on silently, but surely. We hear new instances of conviction and hopeful conversion every day. Mr. Dimmick appointed a meeting last Sabbath for any of his people to attend, not as inquirers, but for serious conversation. I understand that from sixty to seventy attended, and among them your father and mother P. Capt J's death has solemnized the minds of many. It would be strange indeed if such a solemn call should not make some impression on hard hearts. Mr. Proudfit is absent on account of his health; the pulpit is supplied by a young man from Andover. He was never in a place before where there was a revival of religion, and he feels his responsibility very much. He devotes an hour every day to converse with those who are disposed to call at his room, and he has two or three inquiry meetings every week. From thirty to forty men are somewhat impressed in our society. The work is in nearly all the societies in town, and is very still but powerful. We ought to be very thankful, and very humble. We hope to see many more brought in. Our ministers appear to be willing to labor 'in season, and out of season.'

"We live in a day of wonders. 'We must *expect* great things, and *ask* for them.' I hope the good work in Boston will increase. It is said that Salem is visited with an outpouring of the Spirit. I wish you could both come here, and pass a few weeks; it

would refresh you to see and hear what we do. This room has often been nearly filled with inquirers. My health has been very feeble. Last week I broke away, and went to Amesbury for two days, and was benefitted by the ride. I saw several there, who appear quite thoughtful. Mrs. T., of this town, hopes that three of her children have been brought into the kingdom recently — and that the two others are thoughtful. She has long been praying for their salvation. The prayers of faith are now answered in a remarkable manner. I hope all our aged friends will now be brought down to the foot of the cross. This we know, that nothing is impossible with God; if He speaks to the heart, all will hear. Mr. —— seems to take some interest in the good work here. We hope he will lay aside his reasoning, and come humbly to Christ.

"With love to your children,

"Your friend,

J. G."

To Mrs. A. B. C., Sandwich Islands.

Newburyport, September 22nd, 1832.

"My Dear Mrs. C.,

"I feel inclined to write you in my familiar way, and commit the letter to the care of your parents. I make it a rule to pray for you and Dr. C. every morning, and I generally include all your company

of missionaries. Amidst all your privations and trials, I feel that you will be sustained, and made rich blessings. God can and will, bless and preserve you all, and if you have to take up many crosses, they will all be lined with love. There are so many precious promises in the Word of God, for the support of the real Christian in times of trial, that we need not be dismayed, even when we are called to pass through fire and through water. Christ will be near those who look to him in faith. Good Mr. Boston remarks — that 'he had, sometimes, to wrestle hard to get hold of a promise; but when he could lay hold of one, it was sweet.' We are all perfectly dependent; we need new strength and new food for our souls, every moment, and we must look continually to 'Jesus, the Author and the Finisher of our faith.' 'He drank of the brook by the way,' and so must all his followers do. If your privations are great, so will your comforts be. We all find that it is 'through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of Heaven.'

* * * * * *

"I think my dear M. A., you were preparing for this mission, by doing so much for the poor in Boston. I suppose now you have little time to pore over your doubts and fears. 'This is a state of *action*, not of *rest*,' as one remarks; but we are too apt to forget our mercies, which are more numerous than our moments. My love to Dr. C. What a happy thought, that we

can meet at the same throne of grace daily, and have a prospect of meeting in that blessed world, where sin and sorrow will never enter.

"That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest on you all, is the desire of

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To the same, after her return from the Sandwich Islands, on account of ill health.

Newburyport, June 29, 1838.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"When I received your interesting letter several months since, I fully intended replying to it very soon; but a variety of events has conspired to keep me silent. You must excuse this seeming neglect. Rest assured I never forget you and all yours for one day. I do endeavor to bring you all, in the arms of faith and prayer, to the God of all mercy, beseeching Him to sanctify your afflictions, and sustain you under them. I rejoice to find you have any relief under your peculiar bodily afflictions. It is wonderful to me that you have been enabled to bear pain and weakness so submissively. I believe you will be purified, and I hope, restored to a more comfortable share of health, if it is for the best. I hope and believe that your husband will be made a great blessing, and your dear little girl. I seem to see her very kind

to her dear sick mother. I hope she will be spared to you, and be brought early into the fold of Christ.

"There is something in your nervous system that has inclined you to look too much on the dark side, respecting your own spiritual state. It seems to me that you have given great evidence of your adoption for many years. Your faith has been tried in the furnace of affliction, and you must be thankful for the patience you have manifested under such peculiar trials. 'Pure gold will bear the fire.' I would not flatter you, but I must believe your faith is genuine.

* * * * * *

"I hope you will accept this imperfect letter as a token of pure love. Do grant us an interest in your prayers. I believe that my life is lengthened out in answer to the prayers of dear Christian friends, for I have been brought low and raised up many times. Mr. Whitefield says, 'We are immortal till our work is done.' I hope, my dear friend, you will be willing to live and labor for Christ many years. I can do little else but, as the Lord enables me, pray for 'the prosperity of Zion.' This promise often comforteth me — 'They shall prosper that love thee.'

"Accept the best wishes of

"Your affectionate friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

She thus notices the revival of religion in Newburyport in the winter of 1833 and 34.

To Miss H. T. of Augusta.

"Newburyport, March 20th, 1834.

"My Dear Friend,

"The Lord has done wonders here and in other towns — and the work still goes on silently. In West Newbury it is said to be more powerful than it has been here. One man, recently brought into the kingdom, goes from house to house to talk and pray. The female prayer meetings are numerous, and attended every day. Your prayers, and those of others for that people have been answered in a wonderful manner. Persons often go there from this town, and return refreshed. There are more men than women who are subjects of the revival here. What you heard of the hopefnl conversion of three men was correct in general. The first man was so disturbed respecting the protracted meeting in December, that he said he meant to go ten miles out of town to avoid it. But instead of that he stole into the meeting one evening, where his attention was arrested. Now, he and his wife, and several children are hopefully converted. Some of the most hardened sinners have, as we hope, been brought down to the foot of the cross. Many aged men have been greatly changed. I want to mention some persons whom you may know, but I

hardly know where to begin. In Portsmouth, Salem, and Marblehead a good work is in progress. We hear that in Maine the Lord is beginning to pour out his blessed spirit plentifully. I earnestly desire to hear that a revival has commenced in Portland. When I was there last summer, Christians seemed to be too much discouraged.

"Adieu, dear friend,

"Yours,

J. G."

In June, 1834, her husband died, at the age of seventy years. Being herself in feeble health, she was much affected by this bereavement. But that Almighty arm, on which she had long leaned, sustained her and she came from the trial, to be 'a widow indeed, trusting in God and continuing in supplications and prayers night and day.'

She thus records his death in her Journal.

"*June 9th*, 1834. — Monday evening. This morning the soul of Mr. G. took its flight into the eternal world. I was sitting alone, thinking what more I could do for his spiritual welfare, when —— came in, and said he was gone. I could scarcely believe it, as he seemed no worse just before, but soon found it was a solemn reality. I was remarkably sustained in the afternoon; many friends called.

"*Tuesday*, 10*th*. — Had a sleepless night, and was so sick that I could not sit up to attend the funeral, which was a great trial to me."

After this time, she would often repeat in an under tone, apparently unconscious that she was overheard, the following lines, which she had probably learned in childhood from the New England Primer : —

"Lord, if Thou lengthen out my days,
Then let my heart so fixed be,
That I may lengthen out Thy praise,
And never turn aside from Thee."

The following letter will show her feelings at the time of her husband's decease : —

To Mr. and Mrs. S. T., of Boston.

"Newburyport, August 27th, 1834.

"Dear Friends,

"Often, since the sudden death of Mr. G. I have intended to state a few particulars respecting this solemn event. After you were here, he continued to decline gradually, until, for the last week of his life, he was not able to walk from his room without assistance. On the morning of the 9th of June, he was assisted to rise, and was led into the next room, where he sat for several hours, took a little breakfast, read the Bible, as usual, and at 10 o'clock he returned to his room, and laid down quietly, took some nourish-

ment, and proposed having some things procured for him at noon. As he seemed inclined to sleep, —— left him for ten or fifteen minutes. On her return, she found his spirit had taken its flight, apparently without the least struggle. The shock, to us, was very great; but I was wonderfully sustained that day. But as I was laboring under a severe cold, and slept none the following night, I was entirely overcome the next day, and could not sit up much, nor attend the funeral. As we have no pastor, Mr. Dimmick addressed the throne of grace in a most appropriate manner. For one week after, it seemed to me and others that my days might soon be numbered and finished. But God, 'who is rich in mercy,' appeared for me, and blessed the means used, so far that I am now in comfortable health, though weak. Mr. Whitefield's words are often in my mind; 'We are immortal till our work is done.'

"There was such a change in Mr. G. for several months, that I cannot but hope he was saved at the 'eleventh hour.' He has been studying the Bible for several years. Several persons conversed with him alone upon his own spiritual state. He received them kindly, thanked some of them for coming, and invited them to come again. Mr. Dana conversed with him faithfully, and prayed with him, at his request. He prayed for himself repeatedly, when he supposed no one was within hearing. He has gone

to a righteous Judge, and I have been enabled to say Amen, under all His holy and righteous allotments. I doubt not we have an interest in your prayers. My mother-in-law died two weeks before Mr. G., calmly and safely, I trust.

"I hope, on the whole, truth prevails in your city. The revival here has declined, but the effects are apparent.

"Some of our youth have committed great crimes. Parents ought to watch over their children at this day.

"I hope our national judgments will lead us to true repentance. I want to see the Sabbath more sanctified by professors of religion.

"With love to your children,

"Your friend,

J. G."

The following extracts are from letters written the next year:—

To Miss M. H. A. of A., while visiting in New York.

"Newburyport, March, 9th, 1835.

"My Dear Friend,

"I hope and trust you are made very useful in N. Y. No Friday passes without my thinking of you and yours. I often desire that the church in North

Andover may be built up, and spread, far and wide, and that a gospel minister may soon take charge of the flock. When I have read, recently, the accounts of the free churches in N. Y., I have felt that we all ought to be more active and engaged, and more encouraged.

"We have no minister as yet; but when we are suitably humbled and prepared, I trust a faithful one will be placed over us.

"My health has been quite feeble all winter. I take cold easily, and then have distressing attacks of asthma, so that I have been out but little, and often feel that I am very useless. Dr. Scott's remarks comfort me sometimes. He says, 'the prayers of one solitary Christian may be felt all over the world.' When pressed down by bodily infirmities and worldly cares, I often derive rich consolation from the Bible and the throne of grace."

"September 25, 1835.

"Religion is low with us, though we hope some Christians are more aroused, and a few have been hopefully converted. A revival of religion generally begins at the house of God. We hear of many revivals in other places, and ought to rejoice and take courage. The day calls for fervent prayer, for it is a time of open rebuke. We hope the Lord will ap-

pear for us. I think Christians ought to be *wide awake*, and use their influence that God's holy day should be more hallowed, and try to stop the progress of vice."

CHAPTER XI.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." — PHIL. iv. 8.

"THE best form of Christianity is that, which presents the loveliest *combination* of its graces. Few possess a *completeness* of Christian character." Few, indeed, are the instances we find of Christian perfectness; that perfectness which consists in having all the attributes of the child of God in visible and lively exercise. By many this seems to be considered as an attainment quite beyond their reach. Hence, they are content to be entirely wanting in *some* Christian graces, as if it were not necessary to cultivate all of them. But to regard the supposed possession of one or two of the Christian characteristics, as a safe criterion of character, is, certainly, a mistake. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." He will not lack *wholly* any one of the Christian graces, though one grace may outgrow another. "Charity is the bond of perfectness." "Like the

band round the sheaf, it holds all the separate ears together."

In the religious character of the "Mother in Israel," whose history is sketched in this volume, there was this combination of graces. There was a marked consistency. A gentleman, who had known her for more than fifty years, has said, that her consistent exemplification of the Christian character, under a great variety of circumstances, was the most convincing proof of the reality of religion, with which he had ever met.

After her decease, another friend thus wrote: "Her example has done more than all the books I ever read, to dispel sceptical doubts on religious subjects, to which I have always been exposed."

The most prominent feature in her piety was undoubtedly faith; a faith, working by love, purifying the heart, and, to a remarkable degree, overcoming the world. In the truth and promises of God, and in the atoning merits of Christ, she had unwavering confidence; whilst invisible things seemed to have a vividness, to her mind, which made them almost like present realities. Faith was, to her, the very "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The future, with its awful sanctions and glorious hopes, influenced her thoughts and actions, at all times, and under all circumstances. And this an-

imated faith was the parent, the handmaid, and the strength of other graces.

The *cheerfulness* of her piety is worthy of notice. She maintained the happy medium between gloom and austerity on the one hand, and levity on the other. "The peace of God" reigned in her heart, and diffused its influence through her life. Her temper was unruffled, even under great provocations. A benevolent smile enlivened her countenance; and instead of repelling the young from her society, they were attracted and awed by the loveliness and gentleness, which, even to extreme age, characterized her, and which increased as she approached the termination of her earthly pilgrimage. Possessing good sense and a discriminating judgment, she could engage the attention of children by an anecdote, while she also combined with it some profitable counsel.

Since her decease, a Christian friend has referred to a little incident, which occurred in her youth, and made an indelible impression on her memory. She and another young lady were indulging in much frivolity in Mrs. G.'s presence, when placing her hand affectionately on them, she said "O! girls, remember what Dr. Young says,

'Retire, and read thy Bible to be gay.'"

"A word, fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

She noticed the hand of God in all his works, and traced all the comforts of this life to their true source, the mediation of Christ. Often when riding in the country and admiring its diversified scenery, would she exclaim with great emphasis,

"The skies he formed, and *yet he bled for me.*"

She learned of her Divine Master to forgive injuries. She often said she was naturally unforgiving; but so completely had grace triumphed over this natural propensity, that to "love her enemies" was habitual with her. She always treated them kindly, gladly relieved their temporal wants, and prayed for them daily. Whenever an occasion offered, she pressed the duty of forgiveness on others, as an *indispensable* evidence of Christian character. She indeed possessed that charity which "suffers long, and is kind;" which "thinketh no evil;" which "beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things."

She was also a peace-maker. "It must needs be that offences come;" and often was she resorted to as umpire in cases of difficulty. She always advised the parties to lay aside all unpleasant feelings towards each other, and forgive and try to forget, injuries. She thought that the one who felt the most injured had the greatest opportunity to honor the cause of Christ by following his example, and exhibiting his

spirit of forgiviness. Division and party feeling in the church with which she was connected, she decidedly discountenanced, as the following letter will evince.

To Mrs. M. T.

1831.

"My Dear Friend,

"I have wished very much to see you, of late, and converse with you respecting the difference of opinion among some of the members of our church. Although we cannot all think alike on every subject, yet it seems to me very important that as a body, we should try to cultivate a spirit of kindness and love and *agree to differ* on some points, and yet endeavor to 'keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' I know that in many points you and our pastor do not think *exactly* alike, but have always hoped, that, taking all things into consideration, you would become more and more satisfied. But, from what I hear of late, I fear that you and your family are less satisfied. We consider you a pillar in the church, and your influence will be great with your family and others; and now, my dear friend, I want you, *for the honor of religion, and the peace of the church*, to commit your cause to God, and remain as silent as possible, praying much for yourself and others, that these divisions may be speedily healed, lest the Spirit of God should be grieved. In our covenant engagements, we promise

to 'preserve the unity of the church,' to which we belong, and it seems to me we ought to be very careful not to say or do anything that shall tend to interrupt the harmony that has prevailed among us generally. I will say, as a friend says, 'I am sorry to have Calvinists differ among themselves.' It gives the enemy great occasion to speak reproachfully. I do not wish to dwell on the subject, only let us endeavor to be very prudent, lest there should be a schism in the church.

"I hope you will excuse me for writing so freely on this subject. We all feel deeply interested in your happiness, as well as in the peace of the church. I hope you will be led right in all things. Do come up soon, and then we can talk these matters over, if we please. Do you not hope that the Lord, in great mercy, is about to send down his blessed Spirit more plentifully in the midst of us? I hope we shall be prepared to receive a great blessing.

"Accept this as a token of sincere love from

"Your friend,

J. G."

In the summer of 1839, she was obliged to dispose of her house on High street, where she had lived for forty years, and occupy a part of the mansion house of her deceased father on Water street. Though somewhat reluctant to meet so great a change at the age

of seventy-five, yet, when she was convinced that in no other way could she obey the precept, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," she consented to it, and for nearly twelve years she found that house a pleasant and comfortable place of abode.

She loved to think of the friends who once had occupied it with her, who now had joined "the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven;" and instead of any gloomy associations, all were pleasant.

Relieved in a great measure, from the pressure of debt, which for more than twenty years had been a great trial to her, she passed the remainder of her years in comparative ease, as to temporals.

Here she found a field of usefulness, which she faithfully improved by dispersing books and tracts, and as far as she was able, by visiting and religious conversation, always remembering the neighborhood in her prayers.

For some time her health was improved by her change of residence. She suffered less from asthma, to which she had been subject for many years; and although her deafness was extreme, she enjoyed much in social intercourse with her numerous friends.

Her sight, however, was much impaired by cataracts on both eyes, which, while they never entirely covered them, deprived her in great measure of the privilege of reading, from which she had always de-

rived much pleasure and profit. The Commentaries of Henry and Scott, and the works of Flaval, Newton, Hervey, Edwards, Davies, and many others, had been repeatedly perused by her; and with thoughts and select passages from these, her favorite authors, her mind and memory were well stored.

The house of God was dear to her heart, and she was a constant attendant on its ordinances when her health allowed, although she heard not a word of the services.

When friends inquired "why she attended so constantly when her health was feeble, and the weather unpleasant?" she would reply, "It is the place where God has appointed to meet and bless his people, and I enjoy being there on this account. Besides, I go for the sake of example, as too many absent themselves from public worship. When my sight allows, I can read the text and hymns, which are often very precious to me." On one Communion Sabbath, the hymn beginning, "Dearest of all the names above," was sung; she frequently after spoke of the rich enjoyment it had afforded her. She would also remark, "If I can only get into a *praying frame*, I enjoy much in asking for a blessing on the World." It was her uniform habit to select individuals in the assembly, and pray for a blessing on them, besides her general supplication.

The succeeding extracts from her journal will farther illustrate her love for God's house :—

"*August* 11*th*, 1839, *Sabbath Evening.*—I have been out all day. It was our communion. I felt very calm. Read some truths in the morning that were very comforting. Text, 'Unto you that believe, he is precious.' Afternoon, 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.' It is just forty years since I joined the church. Solemn thought! I have reason to be deeply humbled for my short comings in all things.

"*April* 16*th*, 1842, *Saturday Evening.*—I have been very sick for three weeks. Yesterday I came below, though very feeble. The Lord has appeared for me in this time of trouble. O! that the affliction and the mercy may be sanctified for my best good! I could record many mercies since I last wrote; but I sum them all up by saying, they have been *very great* in this season of distress. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!'

"*January* 1*st*, 1843, *Sabbath.*—I have been at home all day, as I have a cold; but have been able to read more than usual. On a review of the last year, I find my mercies have been very great. We have been sustained, and carried through a very solemn scene in the death of E. G. P., who had been with us more than a year. Our temporal wants have

been abundantly supplied, and many favors granted, which demand lively gratitude.

"*June* 18*th*, 1843.—I went out all day. Mr. C., of Portland, preached. Morning text, 'Being justified by faith,' &c. Afternoon, 'If I be a Father, where is mine honor?' &c. Attended Mrs. Huse's funeral. The address and prayer of her pastor were very appropriate, as I was told. I hope this death will be sanctified to her family and friends. A pillar has fallen!

"*April* 6*th*, 1844, *Fast Day*.—The weather confines me at home; but I am contented. May the Lord assist all his servants, who speak in his name this day! May it be kept aright, and be a day of power!

"*May* 10*th*, *Sabbath Evening*.—I awoke with scattered thoughts, but afterwards enjoyed meditation and prayer. A recent trial seemed less oppressive. Have been out all day. Mr. Stearns's morning text, 'For I was alive without the law,' &c. It seemed well adapted to inquirers. Afternoon, Mr. Woodman preached. Text, 'That in all things he might have the pre-eminence.' Was grieved to hear that a church member was charged with breaking his word. Evening, E. came in to read to me. I felt better for going out. May a blessing follow the truths spoken!"

For the ministers of the gospel throughout the world, she had a strong regard. The seven pastors of the First Presbyterian Church, who successively held that office, she "esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake," as well as for every resemblance to their Divine Master, which she discovered in them. With most of them she was on terms of intimacy. They could always be sure of her sympathy and prayers, and hearty co-operation in every effort for the benefit of the people of their charge.

The following letter was addressed to Mrs. G., by Rev. Dr. Proudfit, Professor in Rutgers College, (N. J.,) formerly Pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport.

"Auxerre, (France,) May 28th, 1837.

"My Dear Friend,

"You will, I dare say, be not a little surprised to receive a letter with such a date as that which stands above. But the occasion is easily explained. Last evening, we found ourselves, in the course of our journey, at this place, which lies near the centre of France; and here, therefore, we stopped to rest the seventh day, 'according to the commandment.' This morning, (Sabbath,) Mrs. P. desired me to read over your last letter to her, which happened to be at hand; and so interesting and reviving were its contents to

both of us, that I resolved to do on the spot, what the pressing cares and occupations, preceding my departure, had prevented me from doing in better season—that is, to answer it.

"What a sweet and peaceful Sabbath has dawned upon us here! The hotel, in which we lodge, is directly on the banks of the Youre, a rapid river, gliding through groves of willow and elm, and lined by agreeable walks. But with all this external quiet and loveliness, scarcely could the Sabbath have surprised us in a place better fitted to impress on our hearts the sad desolation which extends through this great and populous country, or to awaken the exclamation of the man of God, of old, 'Surely the fear of God is not in this place!' Beneath the shade of the trees on the banks of the river, the people are reclining, reading the newspapers, or playing chess, while the deep and rich melody of the Cathedral bells has been announcing the procession of the *fete de Dieu*, and the square in front of the Cathedral displays the gorgeous paraphernalia prepared for the occasion. There is, however, no noise, no disorder, much more outward quiet and decorum through the town than we often have in our own country. That which smites the heart with the deepest sadness, here and elsewhere in France, is the evidence, which presents itself on every side, of the utter absence of religion, in the real and vital sense of the word. Aux-

erre is computed to contain upwards of 15,000 souls; yet our assiduous efforts have not been able to discover any evangelical, or even protestant worship here, any groups of Christians, who in secret 'fear God, and call upon his name.' We walked out this morning with a good burden of Tracts, which were received with the greatest eagerness. I also conversed, and read passages from the French Testament to such as were disposed to listen; in fact, this disposition is scarcely ever wanting. Two soldiers, especially, whom I met in the Cathedral, listened with deep attention, and one of them particularly seemed much impressed. Is not this, my dear madam, missionary ground? O! pray, and stir up your dear circle of praying friends, (the efficacy and benefit of whose supplications I have often felt in my own labors and infirmities,) to pray that the Lord would send forth many laborers into this great field, which is so emphatically ripe for the harvest. I am determined to spare no pains to have an evangelical and talented young man sent here from the Seminary at Geneva.

* * * * *

"You, my dear friend, have drank deeply into the cup of sorrow since we parted. But though you have passed through fire and through water, the presence of the Son of God has not suffered the one to consume, nor the other to overwhelm you. Nay, you are comforting others out of the abundance of your own con-

solations. Well, we shall soon meet, this waste and howling wilderness and the dark waters of Jordan safely passed, to talk of the wonderful dispensations of our God, and to admire all the way which he has led us.

'All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven.'

"O! how precious is this hope rendered by affliction!

* * * * *

"With leave of Providence, we propose to sail for America about the 20th of August. I mention the time, that you may give us an especial remembrance then.

* * * * *

"And now, my dear friend, if these hasty lines should awaken you all to greater earnestness in prayer for France and for us, I shall be satisfied. May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you all, from God, our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ!

"Yours, very affectionately,

J. PROUDFIT."

The following letters were subsequently addressed

To Dr. and Mrs. Proudfit.

"Newburyport, Nov. 7, 1840.

"My Dear Friends,

"I wish to inform you that the valuable box sent by you to my son and his wife has arrived safely. I hope and believe that you both, and others who filled up this box, will be rewarded for your great kindness to them. My constant prayer is, that they who water us may have their own souls watered.

"For my son and his wife, I most desire that they may be made useful to souls around them. I hope you will pray for them and us sometimes. I never forget you, as a family, in this way. In my old age, I feel it to be a rich privilege to be allowed to draw nigh to God, and intercede for others, especially absent friends. I should be an ungrateful being to forget you or yours.

"I hope your dear children are well, and will early be brought into the fold of Christ.

"I trust, my dear sir, you find a large field of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. Though we were not long indulged with the privilege of having you for our pastor, may you be made a rich blessing to others. The aged poor among us often speak of your kindness to them. Many of these aged women have died the last year. Our churches are diminishing in numbers, and we need a revival of religion, that

others may be raised up to 'stand in the gap.' It is a low time with us with regard to vital religion.

"I have wanted to tell you about that young Mr. S., who was injured by a gun, whom you visited often when you resided here. He was restored and became an engaged Christian. Last autumn he was instantly killed while blowing a rock. He was industrious, and had laid up a few hundred dollars, but he gave largely to the missionary cause. He had his desire granted, as he wished to die suddenly. I mention these particulars for your comfort, as you did much for him in his affliction by visits and tracts.

"I hope you will be able to read a part of this imperfect letter. I do not expect a reply.

"Accept the best wishes of

"Your obliged and sincere friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To the same, after the death of his father.

"Newburyport, April 25, 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"Surely God has smitten you all with a heavy rod of affliction in the sudden removal of your dearly beloved father. But I trust you will be enabled to say, 'It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good.' The breach is wide as the sea. But his work was all done, and he is transplanted to a brighter region, where all the air is love. We all sympathize

with you as a family. I believe your dear mother will be sustained under this affecting dispensation of Providence, and you all. One thought has struck me powerfully, that now, perhaps, your two brothers, for whom so many prayers have been offered, may become decided Christians.

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

"I hope your dear little sons are well, and will soon be enclosed in the 'ark of safety.' They must miss their beloved grandfather very much. We had a letter from my son and his wife recently, announcing that a revival of religion has commenced in Auburn. They have received your last box of valuable clothing, and will write you soon. You will accept our thanks for this and every favor shown them and us. We cannot reward you, but *the Lord* can, and will. It is best for some of us to be kept low as to external things, so that we may live more by faith.

"Religion is low here; but there are some 'tokens for good.' Here and there a soul is converted. Our ministers have much to try their faith, but they hold on their way. Pray for us.

"Your obliged friend,

J. G."

"April 26, 1844.

"ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

"I have intended for some time to write to you, but still delayed. I hope your health, and that of your family, has been preserved through the last cold winter. I have been confined by sickness for several months; but now I am as well as usual. I feel the infirmities of age, but am able to enjoy going to the house of God when it is pleasant, and to visit some of my friends. I am spared, while the most of my co-evals are gone. Pray for me, that I may not be wholly useless.

"I continue to pray for your brothers. I hope they will become decided Christians, and do much good.

"In Andover a revival of religion has commenced. One hundred persons are said to be much impressed. A very careless boy was wonderfully converted, and his exertions for others were much blessed.

"We have many sects and parties here, and our ministers have great trials. The Scriptures are fulfilling. Let us rejoice that the Lord reigns, and will accomplish all his holy purposes. But Christians ought to gird on the whole armor of God, and watch unto prayer."

Newburyport, Sept. 21, 1844.

"ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

"Although we do not meet, I am often with you in spirit. I hope you and your family are well, and that your dear children are growing up in the fear of the Lord.

"One object I have in writing now, is to give you, dear sir, a short account of the hopeful conversion of a young man, in whom you felt interested when you boarded with him at my sister's. I refer to G. W. L. B. He went to Oregon Territory, where he came under the influence of the Methodist missionaries and attended their prayer meetings. He was awakened to a sense of his sins, after a season of pungent conviction, obtained a hope in Christ, and joined the Methodist Church. One of the missionaries, Rev. Mr. Lee, was here a few weeks since, and gave a very satisfactory account of his conversion and of his consistent life for months afterwards, which was a very great comfort to his mother. But a short time, however, elapsed before the news of his death followed. He was shot by one of the natives at Fort Vancouver, thirty miles from the place of his residence. The surgeon who attended him, wrote the account of his death, and said he was calm in view of it, and was able to dictate a few lines to his mother. She is greatly afflicted, but feels that much mercy is mingled with this bitter cup. I trust you will

pray for her and her family, that this affliction may be sanctified to them.

"Many changes take place here. I have been feeble the past summer, but keep about house, and often go up to the sanctuary of the Lord.

"I do not expect a reply to this letter. Please accept it as a token of sincere affection from

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

CHAPTER XII.

"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright; and there is no unrighteousness in him." — Ps. xcii. 14, 15.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Ps. xcvi. 15.

We have now reached the closing years of the life of this useful Christian. As to the main features of her piety, there was no change to the very last. The same strength of faith characterized her, the same spirit of prayer, the same ardent desire to do good. Old age had crept gradually upon her, impairing her activity and producing some infirmities; yet it was that "*good* old age," which Abraham had the promise, in this at least, that is was long in coming, that it molested not the mental faculties, and brought with it none of the peevishness and gloom, which so often marks this period of life. She had no knowledge of those "evil days" of decrepitude and misery, which cause the weary pilgrim to exclaim, "I have *no pleasure* in them," for they came not to her.

Throughout life, she had been a pattern of industry, and she always now was usefully employed. Nor was this so much from habit, or a desire to pass

away the time, as from *principle*. Her endeavor was to walk, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, "in *all* the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;" and to be "not slothful in business," she considered a precept no less binding than its correlative, "fervent in spirit." As her sight was failing, her chief employment, in later years, was knitting children's mittens, of which, after she was eighty years, she knit, every year, nearly two hundred pair. Her deafness was a great trial to her, as it very much abridged the pleasure of social intercourse, rendering it painful to many friends, as well as to herself, to prolong conversation with her. Sometimes, when left alone for a short time, it caused her some mortification; for, if persons called with whom she was not acquainted, she could neither distinguish their features, nor hear their names. But she did not complain, or repine. Generally, she would sit and pray, or meditate upon divine things, thus replenishing constantly the oil which kept her lamp burning; or else she would think upon plans of usefulness; her hands, meanwhile, busily plying the knitting needle. Occasionally, too, as the thought of some friend, in whose family or spiritual welfare she took a deep interest came into her mind, she would take her pen and write, or else dictate a letter.

The letter upon page 148, dated Jan. 18th, 1850, was one of the last she dictated, although she wrote,

with her own hand, notes to her sister till within a few weeks of her decease, notwithstanding her partial loss of sight.

In December, 1845, she had a severe attack of rheumatism, from the effects of which she never wholly recovered. In warm weather she was able to walk abroad; but the approach of winter confined her to the house, and often to her room.

The two following letters, to Rev. Dr. Proudfit, were written by her after this period:—

"Newburyport, August 22d, 1846.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"I drop you a few lines by Mr. J. E. Emerson, who expects to leave for Princeton in a few days, and may see you in New Brunswick. He is the son of Mr. C. L. E. of this town, and, having become hopefully pious some years since, has been through Amherst College, and is now about commencing the study of Theology at Princeton. His mother wished me to request for him an interest in your prayers, and such counsel as you may have opportunity to give him.

"Since I wrote you last, I have been called to suffer much bodily affliction. I had a violent attack of rheumatic fever last December, but by a blessing on the means used, I was so far restored as to leave my room in about two months; but have not recov-

ered my previous health, the rheumatism having settled in my neck, and subjecting me to violent spasms of pain. But I am not wholly confined to the house. Do pray for me, that I may be entirely resigned under this cross.

"I hope you are all well. The memoir of your father has been read here with much pleasure and profit. My father derived much benefit from the perusal of the lives of good people, and so have I, in former years. But my sight fails, so that now I can read but very little.

"We had hoped to see you here this summer. Great sins abound with us; yet some few young persons have been hopefully converted recently.

"I continue to pray for your brothers, and believe that the prayers of their parents and other friends will be answered.

"With affectionate remembrance to Mrs. P., your mother and sister, and your little sons, whom I remember every day, I remain

"Your obliged friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

"Newburyport, November 1st, 1848.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

"If you were to hear from me as often as I think of you, it would be *every day*.

"After an absence of nearly ten years, my son has

recently made us a short visit. Business called him to take this journey so late in the season. The Lord prospered him on the way, and last Monday week he left us to return to his distant home in Illinois. He looks old and weather-beaten, showing that he has endured great hardships; but he is satisfied that he is far more useful at the West than he could be here, and has had much encouragement in his ministerial labors, frequent conversions occurring under them. He has seven Sabbath Schools under his supervision, one of which, numbering sixty pupils, is held in a grove, there being no suitable building in the neighborhood. I looked at his nice coat, vest, &c., and found they were furnished him by your bounty, a year since. May the Lord reward you both for your unwearied kindness to him. He spoke of it with much gratitude, and said your boxes had been of *very great service* to him; he hardly knew how he could have done without them. He wished much to see you before he left New York, but his time would not allow him to go to New Brunswick.

"I hope your health has been restored by your journey. Your dear children are often on my mind, with desires for their best welfare. May they be 'plants of renown.'

"We have had some recent trials in our church, but hope they will be overruled for good. I never

expect any reply to my letters. Such as they are, accept them as a proof of the sincere regard of

"Your much obliged friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

Soon after this letter was written, she was again called to suffer affliction. Her brother, Mr. Philip Coombs, of Bangor, (Me.,) was suddenly removed by death, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, leaving her and a sister the only survivors of twelve children. She felt deeply the sundering of the tie which had so long bound her to this beloved brother; but she endeavored to make the separation the means of quickening her diligence in preparing for her own departure, which she did not expect would be long delayed. To human eyes there was, indeed, little remaining for her to do on earth. She had then nearly completed her eighty-fifth year. Amidst the varied scenes of a long life, her faith had proved itself to be genuine, by the fruits of righteousness. She had suffered grievous afflictions, and had been enabled to "glorify God in the fires." Her heart had gone before her into heaven, and her treasure was there; why should she be longer tried! Had the summons then come, perhaps her repute as a Christian, "a mother in Israel," might have been no less; and she would have escaped much suffering. But her Heavenly Father had other purposes for her benefit, and

his own glory. It is not every one who is saved "so as by fire." Some are destined to an "abundant entrance" into the heavenly kingdom, and must "endure hardness," till God's wisdom has decided that it is enough. Nor may we suppose that God ever suffers a Christian to linger on earth longer, or to be afflicted more, than necessity requires. He sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver," who watches till the highest degree of purity is attained, and when his own image is fully reflected, *that moment* he removes it from the fire, lest the precious metal be injured. It was painful to see this beloved mother, apparently already ripe for heaven, suffer as she afterwards did; but he, who never afflicts willingly, nor needlessly, had a wise and holy design in all. He desires to receive from his vineyard, the church, in return for all his care, fruit not only ripe, but mellow. And, in her case, his purpose of love was accomplished by prolonging her life into its extreme autumn, when the "frosts of age," and the keen air of suffering, rapidly mellowed the graces, which the summer of life had been so long maturing.

The spring of 1850 was "the beginning of the end;" and her children might then have adopted for their own, the language of the prophet, "Woe is unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out." An extreme soreness of the mouth and throat commenced, which, in its pro-

gress, baffled medical skill, and finally proved to be of a cancerous nature.

In the following December, she was confined to her room, which she never left afterwards, except in a few instances. She now endured severe paroxysms of pain, and it became increasingly difficult and distressing to take even her necessary food. But she was a meek and patient sufferer, never, either by word or look, manifesting any want of entire acquiescence in the Divine will. Her hand would sometimes be raised to her face, as if to support it, but that was all that indicated suffering. It was too painful for her to speak, and she said but little. And thus would she sit for hours, in converse with her God and Saviour, the dearest to her, ever, of all her friends. She looked continually to Him who had been with her through life, and from whose hands she had received so much good; and His grace enabled her, with meek and subdued resignation, to kiss the rod, knowing who had appointed it, and not doubting that the trial would "work the peaceable fruits of righteousness." She was sensible that she was gradually failing, and occasionally would say, "Sometimes I long to be gone; but I check the desire lest the reason of it should be because I want to get rid of *pain*, and I ought to be willing to *live* and *suffer* just as long as my Heavenly Father sees best."

During all this time, whilst others were admiring

her fortitude, gentleness and faith, she, on the contrary, was humbling herself "under the mighty hand of God," and writing "bitter things" against herself. She felt her unworthiness, and was convinced that her sharpest trials were absolutely necessary.

On the afternoon of Saturday, May 10th, 1851, a slight hoarseness became apparent, and continued to increase till, on the 12th, it assumed the appearaace of influenza. On that day, Monday, though she could scarcely stand alone, she sat up six hours, and knit, till three o'clock, P. M., when, for the last time, she rolled up her work as neatly as ever, and repaired to her bed, which she never was able to leave afterwards, although she submitted rather reluctantly, thinking it might be "too great self-indulgence." But her laborious breathing and increasing weakness gave indication to her friends, that the conflict was soon to terminate.

The next day, Tuesday, she failed rapidly, and had a distressing night.

On the morning of Wednesday, 14th,

"In age and feebleness extreme,"

she made a last attempt at family prayer, and repeated audibly, but in broken accents, the Lord's prayer. A few hours after, when asked by her brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Dana, "Have you peace?" she said, "My

bodily sufferings are very great; but I don't doubt the Lord will take care of me." Still later in the day, with closed eyes and clasped hands, she evidently joined in prayer with her pastor, Rev. Mr. Vermilye, although unable to speak; and, from that time, she spoke little, although her mental faculties were clear to the last. But, in her case, the testimony of "last words" was not needed to prove that her hope was built upon the "Rock, Christ." Like Whitefield, she might well be permitted to "die silent;" for a long life of piety had indisputably proved her faith sincere.

During the succeeding night, she slept at intervals, and seemed to suffer little. With her usual thoughtfulness for others, she repeatedly requested the writer to take her accustomed repose; thus showing she did not realize that the grasp of death was upon her. Just as the morning of the 15th dawned, in the most peaceful manner, she "fell asleep in Jesus."

> "Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
> Nor weary, worn-out winds expire more soft."

There were three instances of the Divine faithfulness and love in her death. It had long been her prayer that she might be enabled to cancel a small debt, the only one that remained, and a few days before her decease, she was enabled to do this, by one of those providential interpositions which she had long been in the habit of noticing. "Commit thy way

unto the Lord ; trust also in Him ; and He shall bring it to pass."

She had always an instinctive dread of dying; "the pains, the groans, the dying strife," she feared to encounter. But so gently did "the king of terrors" approach, that she had probably passed "the swellings of Jordan" before she was aware that she had entered its waters. Her ransomed spirit, it can scarcely be doubted, was released, and had become enrolled among "the just made perfect," before she recognized the fatal verge. The King long seen "through the lattice," she had beheld "in his beauty," and had received the welcome, "Come, thou blessed of my Father," before she knew that she had seen "the last of earth." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust."

It was a Father's love also which released her from the "body of death," just when her evidences and graces had become "perfect through suffering." A longer stay would have been unutterably agonizing, since, from the nature of her disease, nothing less than a painful death, by starvation, could have been expected.

"The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth, from age to age endure."

Her age was eighty-seven years and three months. The words, which God himself spoke, and which his own finger graved upon enduring stone, at Sinai, for a memorial unto all generations, were fulfilled in her. She honored her father and mother with a reverence and submission not common at the present time, and her "days were long."

There was deep sorrow at her decease, and a large concourse attended her funeral the next day; but any expressions of mourning were tempered, both in her own family and abroad, by the feeling, which all the circumstance combined to produce, that it was well. The words of the apocalyptic penman, from which her pastor delivered a funeral discourse the succeeding Sabbath, find an echo in many a heart beside the Christian's, as Balaam's burst of desire may show: "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

"Farewell, then to the beloved, venerated friend. Long, long will it be ere the memory of her piety is effaced; long, ere her name will be pronounced without admiration.'

CHAPTER XIII.

"For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—EPH. ii. 8, 9.

IN the preceding pages, the writer has endeavored to avoid anything, which might appear like *eulogium* upon her mother. She has sought to embody in the narrative, as far as her ability extended, such material only as might give a view of her religious character, with a desire to magnify the goodness and grace of God, as they were manifested through her, if haply some other soul might be encouraged to trust and serve him as did the subject of this Memoir. No attempt has been made, for the purpose of elevating her virtues, to compare her with others known to the churches. Why should such attempts ever be made? Each Christian receives a crown, according to the "diversity of gifts" and the measure of faithfulness. "Who shall be *greatest* in the kingdom of heaven," or is most entitled to the praise of men, is a question which may best be left to him who knows all hearts. The memoirs of the saints are not *eulogies*, but *reser-*

voirs out of which believers may draw the honey of grace, and be edified and improved.

In this chapter the object is simply to bring into one view the different parts of Mrs. Greenleaf's Christian character, that it may stand before the reader as a whole. In so doing we must glance at her principles, her graces, and the exercises, or means, by which they were sustained. If, then, anything has appeared to the reader admirable in her, (and even the irreligious certainly respected her in life,) let not the truth be wronged in the first place, nor our fallen nature too highly complimented by the thought, that this eminent goodness flowed from a mere earthly source. Had the whispered unction reached herself, however pleasing it might have been to the ear of some religious Pharisee, she would at once have exclaimed with Paul, "Less than the least of all saints;" "I am the chief of sinners." But had she been made to see that in many things she excelled others, she would have exclaimed with fervent sincerity, "By the grace of God I am what I am." What is known of her youth shows that her natural qualities were indeed such as usually conciliate esteem. Still to give such tone, and refinement and direction to natural excellences, to make them what they became, the enkindled flame of holy love, the purifying power of Gospel faith, the touch of true religion, were necessary.

The qualities which most distinguished her, were

implanted by grace. Humbly sitting at the feet of Jesus, she had learned lessons which the world can never teach, and had imbibed a spirit which unregenerate man can never know. But her life of faith and active benevolence was not only the *result* of grace, but an *exemplification* of the *doctrines* of grace. These were her principles. She believed them, felt them, and was formed by them. The views of truth she adopted were those usually denominated Calvinistic. A member for nearly fifty-two years of the First Presbyterian Church, she gave cordial assent to its confession of faith, and took for her standards the works which the denomination most value; first, the Bible, as "the only rule of faith and practice;" then the Catechism, Willison, Edwards, Davies, and others, as correct expositors of its truth and spirit. She drank at the fountain-head of truth and righteousness, and loved the vital flow of every gospel stream.

In the maintenance of her opinions there was nothing disputatious. Indeed, her mind revolted from every thing of this kind; and she regarded the confusions and conflicts, which such a temper has engendered, with pain, as prejudicial to the interests of religion. Bigoted adherence to a mere "form of sound words" was no characteristic of her religion. Yet those sentiments which experience, reflection, and a constant intimacy with the Bible had impressed upon

her convictions as parts of the "faith once delivered to the saints," she adhered to firmly. Of the entire depravity of her nature, her utter unworthiness, she was fully persuaded. With her habits of close and conscientious self-scrutiny, and her elevated views of the spirituality and exceeding breadth of the divine law, that marvellous "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," no argument was needed to convince *her* that "the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to his law." *She felt it.*

She cordially believed in the necessity of regeneration by the special influence of the Spirit, and her sole reliance for pardon and eternal life was the atonement of Christ. "Confidence in the flesh," or in good works, she utterly renounced. That great "article of a standing or falling church," as Luther pronounced it to be — of a standing or falling soul, it might be added — "*the just shall live by faith*," she responded to, and adopted from the heart. To the sacrifice on Calvary she turned, as the only source of peace; on this tried foundation, *the cross*, did she build for eternity.

The "election of grace" was to her a precious and most encouraging truth; since it gave her assurance that if, as she believed, she had been "renewed in the spirit and temper of her mind," however humble, however weak, and inefficient *in herself*, she would not be suffered to "fall away into perdition." "Who

shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" In this, and this alone, she saw security. Does this doctrine tend to presumption and evil? Let her life of laborious diligence in "every good word and work" answer. This was the system of principles she embraced; and to the power of such truths is to be attributed, next to the Spirit, her eminence in piety. For whence sprang that great *faith*, which was one of her characteristic graces? It was no blind, delusive persuasion, but rested upon reasonable evidence, even the revelation that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Whence were her humility, her meek submissiveness, her confidence in God, derived, but from the persuasion of entire unworthiness, of God's absolute sovereignty, power and grace? It was the intensity with which she was enabled to realize the conviction, that "all the promises of God in Christ, are yea, and in him amen," that rendered her so cheerful and "patient in tribulation."

But it was not only the *passive* graces, so to speak, or the experimental, for which she was distinguished; but she abounded in works. Always full of love and charity, maintaining a conversation at once serious, devout, humble and beneficent; she made the service of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the good of others, the great business of life, pursuing it with ear-

nestness and diligence to the end of her days, through all trial.

Her views of Gospel religion were too clear to allow her to rest satisfied with the evidence of frames and feelings. A piety whose only outward evidence was profession, which was merely speculative and dogmatic, which looked no farther than self, was to her mind but doubtful, at the best. She compared Scripture with Scripture, and found it written indeed, that "by grace are we saved through faith;" but also that "faith without works is dead;" "we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." She knew that "man's chief end is to glorify God," as well as to "enjoy him forever." And wherever she was known, it was "told for a memorial of her," that she "went about doing good;" "the love of Christ also constraining her, because she thus judged that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."

Were Christians of a kindred spirit more numerous, what results would follow, the remark of one, that "her life was the most convincing proof of the reality of religion, with which he had ever met," will show. The evidence of such *characters* would be worth a host of arguments,

"To prove the doctrine all divine."

But graces like hers are not *self-sustaining;* they derive their strength from the use of means. For all Christians in all ages these means are the same; and wherever they have been faithfully employed, the like results have followed. It is "the tree, planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither."

Is a Christian eminent in piety? Assuredly "his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." Mrs. Greenleaf was an attentive and diligent *reader of the Bible.* That blessed volume was often in her hand, as well as regularly perused, and thus became deeply graven on her heart. The services of the sanctuary she never omitted when able to attend. She also observed and improved the providences of God, and found of a truth, that "whoever watches Providence, shall never want a Providence to watch."

But it was especially by *prayer* that she kept her heart in tune. In the secret place of devotion she trimmed her lamp, and by the living coal, "from God's own altar brought," she kept it burning.

She loved also the female prayer meeting, and was accustomed to join with the Christian friends who visited her, in prayer for themselves and families. This was always a delightful and profitable exercise to

her. There was one family where for years she never made a social visit, without retiring with the mother for prayer; and in that family, a numerous circle of children have been hopefully converted. When the reader learns such facts, he will cease to wonder that her character was subdued, her conduct so unblameable, her example so impressive in the world. Gaining warmth and vigor in the closet, and from the Word of God, her religion extended its benign and transforming influence to every duty and over every relation. Reader, if you would reach a like holy pre-eminence, "go thou, and do likewise."

CHAPTER XIV.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—PROV. x. 7.

LEST any should suppose that the preceding delineation of character has been dictated by the partiality of affection, the following letters will show how she was estimated by others, not connected with her by any natural ties.

The following was written to her about ten days before her decease, by Mr. G. W., of Washington, (D. C.)

"Washington, May 4th, 1851.

"To MRS. JANE GREENLEAF.

"MY VENERABLE AND DEAR FRIEND,

"I was this day told by Col. C., of Maine, of your severe trial, and the hopelessness of relief this side the grave. I heard this with deep sympathy. God is making you 'perfect through suffering,' by all these great afflictions, and preparing you for the glory that is to follow. As in his earthly temple, those stones fitted for the highest eminence, were cut the deepest, so in the preparation of living stones, destined for the temple above.

"After so many years' service in doing and suffering the will of God. this crowning trial of your faith and patience is laid upon you, for the manifestation of his grace in sustaining you, and making you a pattern of all long-suffering 'to the praise of the glory of his grace.'

"This cannot seem to you, as it is not intended by me, the language of compliment. You are too near the realities of heaven, not to feel that these are, and must be, 'the words of truth and soberness.' For them not to be so would be to doubt the goodness, the grace, and the Word of God.

"I beg to thank you for every remembrance of me in your prayers. I once was among those set down on your list for Friday's recollection. I hope I have not been forgotton even to the present time. It has been my happiness to inherit the prayers of a holy grandmother, and of a precious mother, who have long since entered into the rest which remains for the people of God. Into that assembly of the just made perfect you are soon to enter, to go no more out; to take your seat at your Father's table in mansions prepared for you, and to be welcomed home by hundreds who have shared your sympathy, and been saved by your prayers.

"May God our Saviour illustrate his grace by your abounding consolations!

"This will be the last opportunity I expect to have

of expressing to you my most true and affectionate respect and love. Let me hope, when this is read to you, I may share once more in your prayers for my daily perseverance in the faith and love of Christ.

G. W."

The succeeding letters from which extracts are made, were addressed to the compiler after her decease.

From Rev. R. W. F.

"Woburn, June, 11th, 1851.

"I had not noticed the record of your dear sainted mother's death in the papers, and was ignorant of the fact until I learned it from you. From your description it appears that her sufferings during the last months of her life were very great. This is one of the mysteries of Providence which remains to be solved to our minds hereafter. No one who knew your departed mother could doubt that she was one of the most beloved of God's children, and most ripe for heaven. She was such an one as we should have selected to follow Enoch and Elijah, by a gentle and easy translation from earth to heaven. But Infinite Wisdom saw sufficient and benevolent reasons for leading her by a rugged path down the descent to the dark valley. Yet it seems that he scattered light in her pathway, and verified in her experience the promise first made to Asher, but doubtless designed to be of

universal application to his people, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' So is it *always* in the experience of God's true children.

"I never knew a woman whom I so deeply revered as a saint of the old *Puritan*, or rather *Apostolic*, stamp, as I did your honored mother. I always felt when in her presence as though I was treading on 'holy ground,' 'just on the verge of heaven.'

"Although my interviews with her have been 'few and far between,' and I have been prevented from corresponding with her as frequently as I should have been glad to do, yet I have rejoiced to number her among my most valued friends, and have at times derived great comfort and encouragement from the assurance she repeatedly gave me, that I was weekly remembered in her intercessions at the throne of grace."

From Rev. Dr. P., of New Brunswick, N. J.

"New Brunswick, June 12th.

"We feel that we can say with unfaltering assurance, with regard to your excellent and honored mother, 'she is at home with the Lord.'

"So long, so bright, so consistent a power of true and living faith in the Lord Jesus; so various a trial of grace bringing out some new and beautiful trait of the Christian character, inspires, indeed, a confidence which renders death an occasion of thankful joy, rather than of sorrow and condolence. The Lord grant us

(after we have suffered awhile) a like 'abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven! There we shall recover all that we have had, or known, or loved in this life, that is worth recovering, besides unutterable accessions of *new* holiness, power, and happiness. What a hope! What a Redeemer and Father, whose 'abundant mercy hath begotten us to it.'"

From Deacon S. T., of Boston.

"Much have I valued the prayers, which I have been assured by your mother, were going up from her hallowed retirement, for myself and my family; and it remains yet to be seen how large a share of the spiritual blesssings that have descended on us and our children, have come to us as the result of *her* repeated and constant supplications. We know that 'the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much,' and such, I trust and believe, were hers. But now her prayers are turned into praise, and *our* loss is *her* unspeakable gain.

"And O! how much cause have we all to bless God for her easy and sweet release from her frail and shattered tenement of clay. This is what she prayed for; but in this, perhaps more than in any thing else, her faith was weak. But God was better to her than her fears. He withheld dying grace until it was needed, and then manifested himself as he always does, a covenant-keeping God. When his

people are called to pass through the waters, he is with them, and the floods shall not overflow them.

"I have pictured out in my own mind her delightful feelings when having passed so easily and unexpectedly through the 'swellings of Jordan,' she found herself standing on the opposite shore, and in full view of the celestial city. I seem to see her looking back with surprise, and exclaiming, 'O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?' and then, turning to her present Saviour, adding, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

From Rev. Kiah Bayley.

"East Hardwick, (Vt.) June 25th, 1851.

"Yours of the 15th came duly to hand, and communicated what I had expected. Your blessed mother has passed over Jordan, entered the Heavenly Canaan, gone up to the temple of God, and joined the palm-bearing multitude redeemed by the blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. There she will suffer no more; all tears shall be wiped from her eyes. Shall we then weep? Surely not. Rather let us rejoice that she is safe, that she witnessed a good confession on earth, and has entered into the joy of her Lord. See your mother and my dear wife, robed in white, approach Him, 'whom having not seen they loved,' and cast their crowns at his feet, and join the song, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from

our sins in His blood.' And while the heavenly music floats upon our ears, let us plume our pinions, and prepare to join them. They have got the start of us; but in heaven 'there are many mansions.' Let us so run that we also may obtain eternal glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ; the only Mediator, able to save all that come to God through Him. Blessed be God for such an advocate!"

From an aged lady.

"Hanover, (N. H.) June 15th, 1851.

"A letter from my son at Amherst was the first announcement of your mother's death, and it drew forth a tear, notwithstanding I contemplated her revelling in the joys of the upper world. I will not say I envied her, but I longed to have been a participator. She was a dear friend, whom I loved, esteemed, and respected; and I long held correspondence with her. She had a peculiar faculty of introducing religion in all companies, and under all circumstances. She made it evident to all that religion was her chief concern, and had an abiding influence upon all her thoughts and actions. To do what she could for the salvation of souls, was not only a paramount duty, but her greatest pleasure. She had a life of trial, and her last illness was rather an uncommon one; but it seemed to indicate that she had said all that was required of her; and she enjoys that rest which re-

maineth for the people of God. She was permitted, for a long season, to use her talents for the glory of God, and the good of her fellow beings."

From Deacon S. T.

"Boston, December 7th, 1852.

"I love to cherish the remembrance of your dear mother. She was loved by my family as a mother. My daughter, Mrs. C., (who is now with us on a visit,) was speaking of her this morning as *her* spiritual guide, to whom she always resorted for advice and consolation, in times of spiritual trial and difficulty. She was indeed a 'mother in Israel.'

"She had a large heart. Firm as she was in her belief of the great doctrines of the Gospel, by which she was nourished and sustained, she was at the same time remarkably free from sectarian feelings. She loved the truth, by whomsoever dispensed. She loved true piety wherever she saw it, without regard to color or name. True religion seemed to be all of one color in her estimation, and the image of Christ was precious to her, wherever it was seen or reflected.

"I have thought of her sometimes, as filling the place of Bunyan's 'Greatheart,' who was always ready to aid and comfort the Pilgrims on their way to the Celestial city; and, I trust she has met, and been welcomed by many there, who have been helped on their pilgrimage by her counsels and prayers."

APPENDIX. NO. I.

At the time of the decease of the subject of the preceding Memoir, her two children were living, although several hundred miles separated them. The son, Rev. William Coombs Greenleaf, was then a resident of Springfield, (Illinois.) On receiving the intelligence of his mother's death, he wrote thus, under date of May 26th, 1851: —

"It is natural that we should mourn the loss of a mother, so affectionate and faithful as she was; but when we consider that she had arrived at a very great age, and that her various diseases and infirmities had for sometime closed up most of the sources and means of enjoyment, and that she was as ready for her departure as she ever could be, we have more reason for joy than for sorrow.

"I hope we shall all feel devoutly thankful that her dissolution was attended with so much less suffering than we had been led to fear.

"Since you informed me of the nature of the disease on her tongue, I have been oppressed with a heavy burden of anxiety on her behalf; but a few nights ago, I was enabled to submit her case to him who doeth all things well, in the confidence that he would not inflict on her any pain which would not be necessary for his glory and her good. I join with you in the prayer that we may be enabled to follow her even as she followed Christ."

Under date of June 1st, he writes: —

"We were anxious to hear the particulars of the burial of our beloved mother; and now enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that her mortal remains were committed to the dust in the presence and with the sympathy of those who had witnessed the purity and active benevolence of her life. That the immortal part has made its final escape from suffering and sin, can admit of no shadow of doubt.

"The more I reflect on the subject, the more fully am I convinced that her final exit was attended with far less acute suffering than could have been expected.

"We have lost one of the best of mothers. Indeed, I think it very uncomnon for one so kind and indulgent, to be at the same time so faithful to the spiritual interests of her children. Much as she loved us, you know she never would allow us to do any-

thing which would expose our spiritual interests to danger."

Another letter, dated June 29th, followed, in which he spoke of himself as being remarkably well, though very fully occupied. The next letter received from Springfield, was from the pen of a friend, stating that he had been suddenly removed from time to eternity.

On the morning of July 21st, he and his family arose in their usual health. About nine o'clock he was siezed with slight indisposition, which in a few hours proved to be the cholera, that disease having appeared in the immediate vicinity three days previous. When the symptoms were decisive, he was calm, and told his wife "he doubtless had the cholera, and might die; but he should not suffer long, and had no wish to have it otherwise; all was well; he had no anxiety for the future." After this he sank rapidly; his speech failing faster than his strength. About sunset the symptoms of cholera seemed to be subdued. Very soon, however, a violent attack of asthma, (to which he was subject,) came on, with which he struggled until quarter past eleven o'clock, P. M., when he was released from his sufferings, and, we trust, was received into "the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He survived his mother less than ten weeks. "Lovely

and pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were not divided."

"In the important article of death, the privileges of believers appear distinguishing indeed. To human nature, unassisted by grace, death, the awful punishment of sin, is the 'king of terrors.' Bitter indeed, and insupportably painful, are the thoughts of death to men who have 'their portion in this life,' and 'are at ease in their possessions.' How enviable, even to such, is the calm and serene frame of a dying saint. Here the monster seems to have lost its sting, having left it in the bleeding body of Jesus. Death has changed its nature and its name. Call it no more death; it is the sweet sleep of the body, deposited in its earthly bed, under the eye of the Redeemer, till the morning of the resurrection."

The funeral was attended the next morning at nine o'clock. A general sensation of grief was awakened throughout the city of Springfield at his sudden removal; and his bereaved family, consisting of his widow and two children, to whom he supplied the place of a parent, received many expressions of sympathy and kindness. He was nearly fifty-four years of age.

A brief notice of his history, for the last twenty years, may be interesting to the friends of his youth.

Soon after completing his theological studies in Bangor, in September, 1831, he was ordained as pas

tor of the Congregational Church in Andover, Oxford County, (Maine ;) where, amidst many discouragements and hardships, he remained till the spring of 1837, when, for several reasons, at his own request he was honorably dismissed by an ecclesiastical council. The severity and length of the winter in that cold region had much increased the asthma, to which he was constitutionally predisposed. This led him to turn his attention to the West, as opening a wide field of usefulness, and possessing a climate more favorable to pulmonary complaints. Accordingly, after supplying the church in Hooksett (N. H.) for a few weeks, he commenced his journey to the West in October. He went to Auburn, a settlement on Sugar Creek, Sangamon County, (Illinois,) not intending to tarry even for a night ; but at the solicitation of the elders of the church, he remained for a year and then was induced to take up his abode with the people, and assume the oversight of the Presbyterian Church.

In the second year, he suffered much from fever and ague, and was unable to preach regularly ; and as the inhabitants of that part of the country have, as yet, not learned the important duty of sustaining their ministers, he endured many trials. But he had counted the cost before he went ; and being satisfied that his health would have failed wholly had he remained at the East another winter, he was " ready to

live there, or to *die* there, just as his Heavenly Father might order;" and even in the darkest hour, he had no wish to return, finding an ample field of usefulness, and willingly cultivating the soil, to supply his people's "lack of service."

After being there about two years, during which he suffered much from sickness, disappointment and perplexity, a brighter day rose upon him. Health returned, and with it came a degree of vigor and energy which he had not known before. He acquired a strength of voice, and soundness of lungs, which enabled him to preach with ease to large congregations in the open air. Every alternate Sabbath he preached in a village six miles distant, usually going and returning on foot.

Nor did the Master whom he served permit him to labor in vain. In a moral and religious point of view, the people to whom he ministered underwent a great change. Though, at first, he was almost the only advocate of temperance in that region, in a few years there was comparatively very little intemperance in the settlement. The influences of the Spirit attended the preached word, and considerable accessions were made to the church.

In 1843, he received a commission from the Assembly's Board of Missions, and one hundred dollars per annum for a few years after.

He found the standard of piety at the West much

lower than at the East. The Sabbath was not properly regarded, even by professed Christians. He labored to produce correct opinions and practice in those respects.

The great doctrines of the gospel were very imperfectly understood, there being more reliance on mere excitement, than on soundness in the faith, and a corresponding practice. A "big meeting" once or twice in a year, was thought by many to answer every purpose; and the remainder of the time they would hear Campbellites, Mormons, Universalists, or whom they pleased. Against these things he set his face, and preached the great doctrines of the gospel, which he defended and illustrated. Gradually the people became more regular in their lives, and more discriminating in their doctrinal views; and many of the most influential citizens labored to build up the good cause which once they opposed.

From the first he endeavored to cultivate friendly relations with other evangelical denominations; and as the result, he had their cordial friendship.

There was a great scarcity of books in that region. He could not find a single copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" when he first went there. This defect was supplied by friends at the East, who sent books and tracts for general distribution, which were anxiously sought, attentively read, and carefully preserved. A library was sent from the Sabbath School

connected with the first Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, which was distributed among three Sabbath Schools in that vicinity.

In the autumn of 1845 he removed to Chatham, five miles north of Auburn, on the same road, and in the same county. He did not, however, at first, supply the pulpit there, although a majority of the church wished it. A division in it, on the subject of abolition, he thought would effectually destroy his peace and hinder his usefulness. But he continued to labor in destitute churches and settlements, where he was always well received.

After a time, the church in Chatham becoming more united, he ministered to them regularly. In the autumn of 1846 there was a revival of religion; but not so extensive, nor so long continued, as he hoped it would be. The enemy came in disguise, "and sowed tares." The people, however, continued very attentive to the word preached. Their ability to sustain the institutions of religion increased from year to year; but their liberality did not keep pace with it.

Most of them were frontier men, who had never lived long in a place, and, therefore, had never been very strongly impressed with the importance of sustaining either religious or educational institutions.

In the summer of 1848, the time for which he had engaged to supply the pulpit of Chatham expired;

and, although both the church and congregation expressed a desire that he should continue to minister to them, he declined, the asthma having gained so fast upon him that he could only preach with utmost difficulty. A visit to New England in the autumn accelerated the progress of the disease, so that he was obliged on his return to relinquish preaching altogether, and devote himself to agriculture for a subsistence. For this purpose he removed to the suburbs of Springfield, and superintended a large nursery and garden which belonged to a capitalist in the city. He attended church in Springfield regularly, with his family, worshiping in the Third Presbyterian Church, under the care of Rev. Mr. Dodge; and endeavored to show to whose kingdom he belonged by conducting his extensive secular business on Christian principles, and by a strict observance of the Sabbath.

To surviving friends it is comforting to learn that he was enabled by Divine grace to maintain an exemplary Christian deportment, and to leave behind him an evidence that he was truly "a good man."

In many natural traits he resembled his mother; and in some of the Christian characteristics, there was a close affinity. He possessed untiring industry, indomitable perseverance, great enterprise and energy. He endured trials *cheerfully;* his trust in God in seasons of discouragement, was *unwavering*. He seemed

to live in view of death, and in constant preparation for *sudden* death, which he considered desirable.

The doctrines of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.) he firmly believed and preached. On the atonement of Christ, he placed all his hopes of salvation. It was on this "Rock of ages" that he was enabled quietly to rest, when, suddenly, he found himself breasting the billows of death. "The believer's life begins with the knowledge of Christ, and ends by dying in him, and eternally enjoying him. And all through life he looks to and lives upon Christ. Blessed beginning! comfortable living! joyful dying!"

The two following letters, from which extracts are made, were written after Mr. G.'s death: —

From Deacon W. D., of Lowell.

"Lowell, August 25th, 1851.

"It is with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, that I read yours of the 8th inst., which announced to me the death of your beloved brother, and my *friend*, Rev. W. C. Greenleaf. I thank you for particulars of his death, and for giving information respecting your mother's, which we had noticed in the papers. It gives us *pain* to learn this, because the cause of Christ has lost the labors of *two* of his faithful ser-

vants; and many friends have lost the affectionate and sympathizing instruction and fervent prayers of 'a mother in Israel,' and of a 'watchman on the walls of Zion.' It gives us *pleasure*, because there remains such pleasing evidence that *both* have gone in such quick succession, to unite in praising redeeming love for ever and ever; to that 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

"You were right in saying, I always took a deep interest in your brother. Falling in with him, as I did in 1823, as we boarded together, before Mrs. D. came to Lowell, I used to spend my leisure moments with him, in religious conversation; and we often walked out together, that we might more fully express our views on religion. But he soon left this place, and I heard no more of him until August, 1826, when I very unexpectedly received a letter from him, stating his then present views on that point. He said, (though I had forgotten it,) that when we parted in Lowell in 1823, I expressed confidence that he would become a Christian, and made him promise that if he should, he would write me; and he then wrote that he 'verily believed God had brought him out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light,' and gave some particulars of his conversion. This was a great encouragement to me, and did much to strengthen me to pray and labor for others' salvation, in that great revival, which had already then com-

menced in this place, which continued for more than six years, when such multitudes were hopefully born into the kingdom.

"I regret very much not being at home when your brother took pains to call on me, when he was going to the West; but he is gone, and I am spared.

"And your mother's prayers we have done with. She told me once, she had *a list of names* she always prayed for on certain days, weekly; each individual separately. Have you that list? Do preserve it. It must be a sacred piece of paper. And then I shall have no more of her good letters. The last one she wrote was in such a hand that I could scarce read it; but I know it was good, every word of it."

From Rev. Dr. Proudfit.

"New Brunswick, September 10th, 1851.

"You cannot doubt that both the dear friends for whom you mourn, are with their Redeemer, and with one another. They have entered into rest. Both of them have so lived as not only to leave with their friends the precious and consoling assurance that they 'sleep in Jesus,' but they have left behind them, scattered far and wide, the seed which they have 'sown unto the Spirit,' and which will yield a glorious harvest at 'the end of the world.' The departure of a Christian to glory cannot, I think, at any moment, be called *mysterious*, when we look at its

connection with our Redeemer's words, John xvii. 24. Christ desires to have his own 'with him where he is,' and will not endure a longer separation from them than is necessary to accomplish the ends of their own sanctification and the extension of his kingdom on earth. For these ends alone he permits them to remain here, where they are separated, in one sense, at least, from himself, and have so much to struggle with, both of sin and suffering. Blessed be his name for that word, addressed to his whole church, 'Behold, I come *quickly!*' O! that every heart that loves him may be so weary of this world, and so impatient for heaven, as to respond, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'"

APPENDIX. NO. II.

EXTRACT from a sermon on the death of Mr. William Coombs, by Rev. Dr. Dana. Delivered June 12th, 1814.

The text was Philippians i. 21. "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain." The subject was the Apostle's description of the Christian's life and death. The following is the application.

In the course of these imperfect observations, your minds have, I doubt not, often recurred to that beloved and venerable man whom Heaven has recently removed from us, to the unspeakable grief of his family and friends, of this Christian Church and Society, of the town at large, and of the friends of religion and virtue generally, wherever he was known. So deep and tender is my personal interest in the scene, that, on many accounts, it would have been a relief to be permitted to pass the subject in silence. But understanding it to be the general wish and expecta-

tion, that, even at this late moment,* something should be offered, appropriate to the melancholy event, and illustrative of the character of the deceased, I have yielded to the call. And this the more, as to be wholly silent on such an occasion, would seem to comport neither with the indications of divine providence, nor with the best interests of survivors.

The friend whom we lament, was the son of eminently pious parents, and early enjoyed, under the paternal roof, the advantages of frequent instruction and admonition, accompanied by prayer, and enforced by a correspondent example. To the blessing of God upon these means, is probably to be attributed that conscientious and amiable deportment which distinguished him in childhood, and through the subsequent stages of life. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that he himself, at a period but just beyond infancy, commenced the practice of secret prayer, in which he persevered to the close of life. The precise time from which his first effectual impressions of

* By reason of the writer's absence, on a journey to Philadelphia, at the decease and interment of his honored father-in-law, this discourse was not delivered until the third Sabbath afterward. By the circumstance of the *relation* mentioned above, he was not wholly unembarassed. But he has aimed to speak of the deceased, as another, equally acquainted with him, would have spoken. Nor is he apprehensive that to the most informed and impartial judges, the character will appear over-drawn.

piety are to be dated, is not known. He had past beyond the middle of life, before he collected courage to join in full communion with the Church; though his acquaintance with the power of religion was probably much earlier. But of him it was eminently true, that *his path, like the morning light, shone brighter and brighter, to the perfect day.*

While a youth, his thirst for knowledge, and love of action, were equally conspicuous. These dispositions he gratified at once, by engaging in a maritime life, in which he continued till near the age of forty. Here, his activity, his enterprising disposition, and his punctuality in business, united with the strictest integrity, soon brought him into general notice, and engaged the unlimited confidence of all with whom he was concerned. His last voyage was performed in the year 1775, and merits particular notice. It was undertaken just before the commencement of hostilities with the mother country, for the purpose of obtaining from the island of Guadaloupe a supply of arms and ammunition, such as he knew would be pressingly needed in the approaching contest. He succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Many circumstances marked this voyage as an effort of ardent and disinterested patriotism; particularly, the personal danger of the attempt, and the immediate surrender of the results of the voyage to the au-

thorities of the town, without any stipulated recompense.

He engaged with all his constitutional ardor in the cause of the Revolution; being firmly persuaded that it was the cause of justice, no less than of liberty. He promoted it by a variety of exertions and sacrifices. He was early chosen a member of one of those Committees of Safety and Correspondence which, according to the exigencies of the times, assumed and exercised the powers of government. In this office he continued — active, influential and useful — until regular authority was restored.

But it is peculiarly pleasant to dwell on those strong indications of *piety* by which his character was distinguished and adorned. None who knew him intimately could doubt that he was eminent in religion, and in all the dignified and amiable virtues which religion inspires.

He was a decided friend to what have been called the *doctrines of grace*; or to those truths which distinguish the gospel from every other system, and mark it as a religion for sinners. On these doctrines, and on these alone, he thought it safe to build his immortal hopes. Yet he was not a high speculatist. His reading (and he read much) was principally of the experimental and practical kind. Such, too, was his *religion*. It was the religion of the heart, the temper and conduct. No man seemed to entertain a

higher opinion of the value and importance of truth ; yet none was farther from the indulgence of a fierce and bigoted zeal, or from substituting a set of barren, orthodox speculations in the place of a pious temper and practice.

He delighted in secret prayer. Few, it is believed, have been so frequent and faithful in the discharge of this important duty. His familiar friends have often been constrained to remark how his face has shone, and what mingled solemnity, sweetness and humility have beamed from his countenance, when he has descended from the mount of communion with his God. It deserves serious consideration, whether his acknowledged eminence in religion did not arise from this source, more than from any other. His prayers in the family, and the social circle, seemed like the ardent breathings of a soul after holiness and heaven — the unstudied and warm effusions of a heart overflowing with love to God and man.

In his observance of the Sabbath, he was signally exemplary. He literally devoted the whole day to spiritual exercises, either public, private, or secret. In the sanctuary, he was a most punctual and devout worshipper. Nothing but imperious necessity was ever suffered to detain him from its services. Nor did he allow his thoughts to wander from the duties in hand. So deeply was his heart engaged and his mind absorbed, that he rarely, through inattention,

lost so much as a word which was uttered in the house of God. It is scarce needful to add, that these seasons were seasons of peculiar *enjoyment*. He often, indeed, remarked almost unconsciously, that the Sabbath seemed surprisingly *short;* and complained that just as his heart became attuned to the duties of the day, he found himself at its close.

Amid his many virtues, the lovely grace of humility shone with distinguished lustre. He rarely spoke of himself; and seldom indeed, but with the most unaffected self-diffidence. It was evident that a sense of unworthiness and guilt often oppressed him; and that quitting every other hope, he placed his reliance on the sovereign mercy of God, and the abounding merit of the Saviour. Another proof of his humility appeared in the evident reluctance and pain with which he received those expressions of respect which all around him were anxious to pay, and the care he often took to elude them.

I have heard it remarked, perhaps by himself, that, in his natural temper, he was hasty. Probably symptoms of this kind have been visible in the earlier periods of his life. Yet most remarkably was this infirmity conquered in later time. Perhaps it was one of the brightest instances of the triumph of religion, that for many of the last years of his life, some of his most intimate friends never saw him divested of self-government. His perceptions being quick, and his

sensibility exquisite, an injury, or indecorum, gave him a momentary pain ; but in his meek and subdued spirit, it rarely excited resentment.

Though his life passed in an unusually even tenor, and was replete with mercies, as he often with great tenderness acknowledged, still he was not without severe *trials ;* particularly in the loss of friends very dear to his heart. They served however, to manifest the extent of his submission to the divine will. Those who knew the tenderness and strength of his feelings, were often surprised to witness in him, amid these scenes not merely a resignation, but a tranquility, and even cheerfulness of mind.

He was distinguished for his benevolence aud liberality. He appeared to realize no value in wealth, but as it furnished the means of alleviating distress, and of doing good to the bodies and the souls of his fellow-creatures. In the most generous, yet simple and unostentatious manner, was his wealth devoted to these noble purposes. There was a *delicacy* in his mode of bestowing favors, which frequently gave them a double value. To many, he was an *unknown* benefactor. His kindness came to them unsought ; and while it " relieved their wants," it " spared their blushes too."

His humanity and compassion were frequently conspicuous ; and very signally in that remarkable exertion to save a drowning youth, which received so

honorable a notice from the Humane Society in this place. It is impossible to contemplate this effort, made at so advanced an age, and with no small personal hazard, without mingled emotions of surprise, admiration and love.*

He cherished and manifested a tender sympathy for the afflicted of his acquaintance; especially the sick, whom he relieved and comforted, where there

* The child saved, was William Plummer, about nine years old, son of Mr. Paul Plummer, of Newbury. He had fallen from a raft, into a depth of water between six and seven feet, near the wharf of Mr. Coombs, who providentially discovered him in the critical moment of his first rising, after having sunk to the bottom. Throwing off his hat and wig, he leaped at once from the wharf, caught the child in his arms, and saved him from impending death.

A Committee of the Merrimac Humane Society, appointed to examine the case, close their account of its leading circumstances, in the following manner:

"Your Committee are happy in stating to the Trustees, that this distinguished act of humanity has fallen to the lot of their late worthy Vice President, William Coombs, Esq., at the advanced age of seventy-six years; and they participate the high satisfaction he must have experienced, when the lad whom his heroic exertion had rescued from premature death, as soon as he had placed him on the raft in safety, threw his arms around his aged benefactor's neck, and exclaimed, 'O, Sir! you have saved my life.'"

The Trustees of the Society awarded, in consequence, its highest mark of honor—a gold medal.

See APPENDIX *to the* REV. MR. ANDREWS' DISCOURSE *before the Merrimac Humane Society, Sept.* 1*st*, 1812.

was occasion, by his bounty; and whom he would more frequently have visited in person, but that he was nearly incapacitated by the acuteness of his feelings.

While severe in scrutinizing and judging himself, he was, as it respected others, an example of unaffected and enlarged *candor*; ever ready to put the best construction upon their characters, actions and motives; ever delighted to detect their latent virtues, and throw the mantle over their faults; ever disposed to overleap the barriers erected by prejudice and bigotry, and to embrace the *worthy* of every party and persuasion. He loved goodness for its own sake. He loved it in all. He honored it in the most depressed and neglected. Every real Christian had a passport to his heart. He had an unusual share of the uniting, healing spirit of Christianity. He did much, and attempted *more*, to banish those divisions and asperities which have operated such wide-spread evil among us.

Indeed, there was that uniform decorum, and genuine Christian politeness in his deportment; and that dignified meekness in his manner of treating the various classes of mankind, which were much calculated to disarm opposition, to render him a successful mediator between contending parties, and an efficient promoter of peace and love.

Still, in his opposition to vice and licentiousness, he was open, inflexible and persevering. No man

was more indignant, or more grieved, at those flagrant violations of the Sabbath which have recently become so frequent, nor any one more desirous to promote the due execution of the laws in that regard.

His exemplary conduct as a Commander at sea, must not be passed in silence. It secured at once the affection, the respect and obedience of those under his care. It manifested the vast advantage possessed by the good man in the art of *governing*—of controlling even the more unmanageable forms of human nature. His practice of maintaining *daily prayers* on board his vessel, merits not only the notice, but the imitation of all who occupy similar stations.

It would lead me far beyond my limits, to speak of all those designs of general and public utility, in which he was engaged; or even to specify, all those important and beneficial institutions with which he was connected. It may suffice to state, that among the many associations for the promotion of knowledge, virtue, religion, and the temporal comfort of individuals, or the community, which have existed in this town or vicinity, for the last half century, there are few indeed, of which he not was either an officer, a member, or an active and zealous friend.* One thing

* Mr. Coombs was a projector and founder, and for many years President of the Marine Society in Newburyport. He

I cannot but remark with emphasis. Whatever he undertook for others, whether individuals or the public, he was wont to execute with a promptness and vigor, such as are rare indeed in similar cases, and superior to what he ordinarily manifested in his personal concerns. He was a man of a truly public and disinterested spirit; and it is to be apprehended that the want of his fidelity and ardor in the promotion of important designs of general utility, will be long felt, and deeply regretted among us.

Let me also particularize his zealous and indefatigable exertions to promote the education of our rising youth. Of the importance of this object, and its connection with all the best interests of society, he had a deep sense. To promote it, he spared no pains. Hence, as a member, and for many years the presiding officer, of the School Committee, he was always active — always at his post. Indeed, he appeared to consider these attentions, though frequently occurring, and frequently superseding

vigorously encouraged, and afterward superintended, the erection of Essex Merrimac Bridge. He was a Representative in the Legislature of the Commonwealth. He was a Chairman of the School Committee of Newburyport, a Trustee of Dummer Academy, and a Founder of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Christian knowledge. He was President of the Merrimac Bible Society, Vice President of the Merrimac Humane Society, and one of the Committee of the Society in this town for the suppression of vice and immorality.

important private business, as rather a pleasure than a task. Nor will our youth soon forget the animated delight, the truly paternal interest, with which he contemplated their progress, nor his indefatigable efforts to stimulate their improvement in every thing useful and excellent.

He was an exemplary and useful member and officer of this Church, which has long been profited by his faithful and affectionate labors to promote the cause of religion, and will long hold them in tender and honorable remembrance.

Need I say, that in all the domestic and social relations, he was amiable and beloved? Need I say how inexpressibly he was endeared as a husband, father, brother and friend? Alas, to expatiate on this otherwise delightful theme, would be but to open anew those wounds which have scarce yet ceased to bleed.

Our departed friend was a remarkable and animating instance of the *cheerful* influence of piety on the mind and heart. Who that saw and knew him, could for a moment imagine that religion inspires gloom and despondency? Who could doubt that it is a perennial spring of satisfaction and joy? For while this good man derived his choicest consolations directly from religion, it was obvious that from every common object, every providential blessing, he collected a revenue of comfort. In all, he saw a divine hand. This

ennobled and sweetened every thing. Especially did this contemplation impart a thousand charms to that beloved *garden* which employed, at this season of the year, so much of his time and attention. He conversed with God through the medium of his works; and in the intercourse, his mind was becalmed and exhilarated.

Let me add, he was a bright *ornament* to religion. His spirit, his deportment, his example exhibited piety in its true character. It made the beholder see what it is — how lovely, how venerable, how commanding. It gained a testimony in every bosom, to the *reality* of religion. It afforded conviction to every conscience, of its incalculable worth.

He conversed much with death; and in his latter years, when in company with Christian friends, frequently adverted to it, as probably near. On the subject of his preparation for the interesting exchange, he rarely spoke with confidence; but generally, in the language of humble, trembling *hope*. Some weeks previous to his last sickness, he was attacked with a short, but violent indisposition, which he apprehended would prove immediately fatal. Under this impression, he felt, as he afterward declared, *a sweet and entire submission to his heavenly Father's will.* When the fatal disorder actually seized him, it left little power, either of speech or thought. At first, he uttered a few broken expressions, among which

were these: "Blessed state — blessed Lord — blessed Jesus!" They were probably indications of the tranquil and happy frame of his mind. After this, he languished a few days, and expired.*

* Mr. Coombs was seized with a palsy, May, 23d, and died the 28th of the same month, in the 78th year of his age.

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